Leslie Tooze
3814 NW T. 2.

A HUNDRED TRIPS TO STORYLAND

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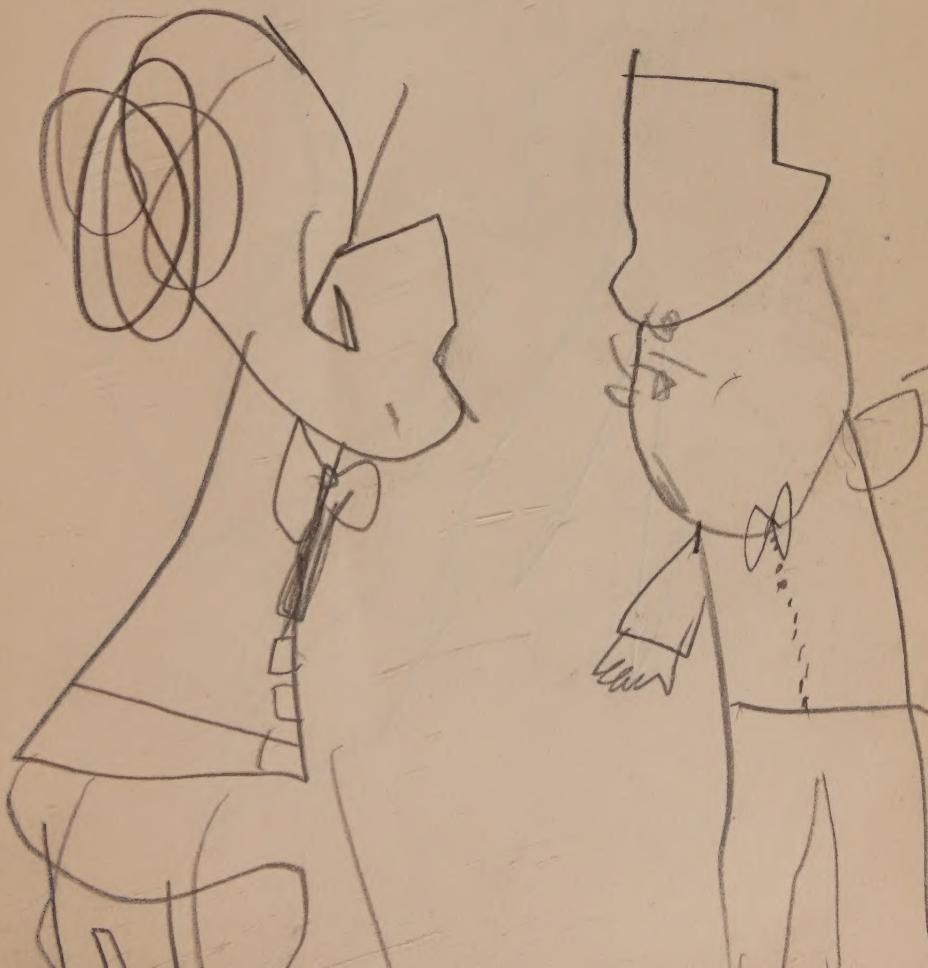
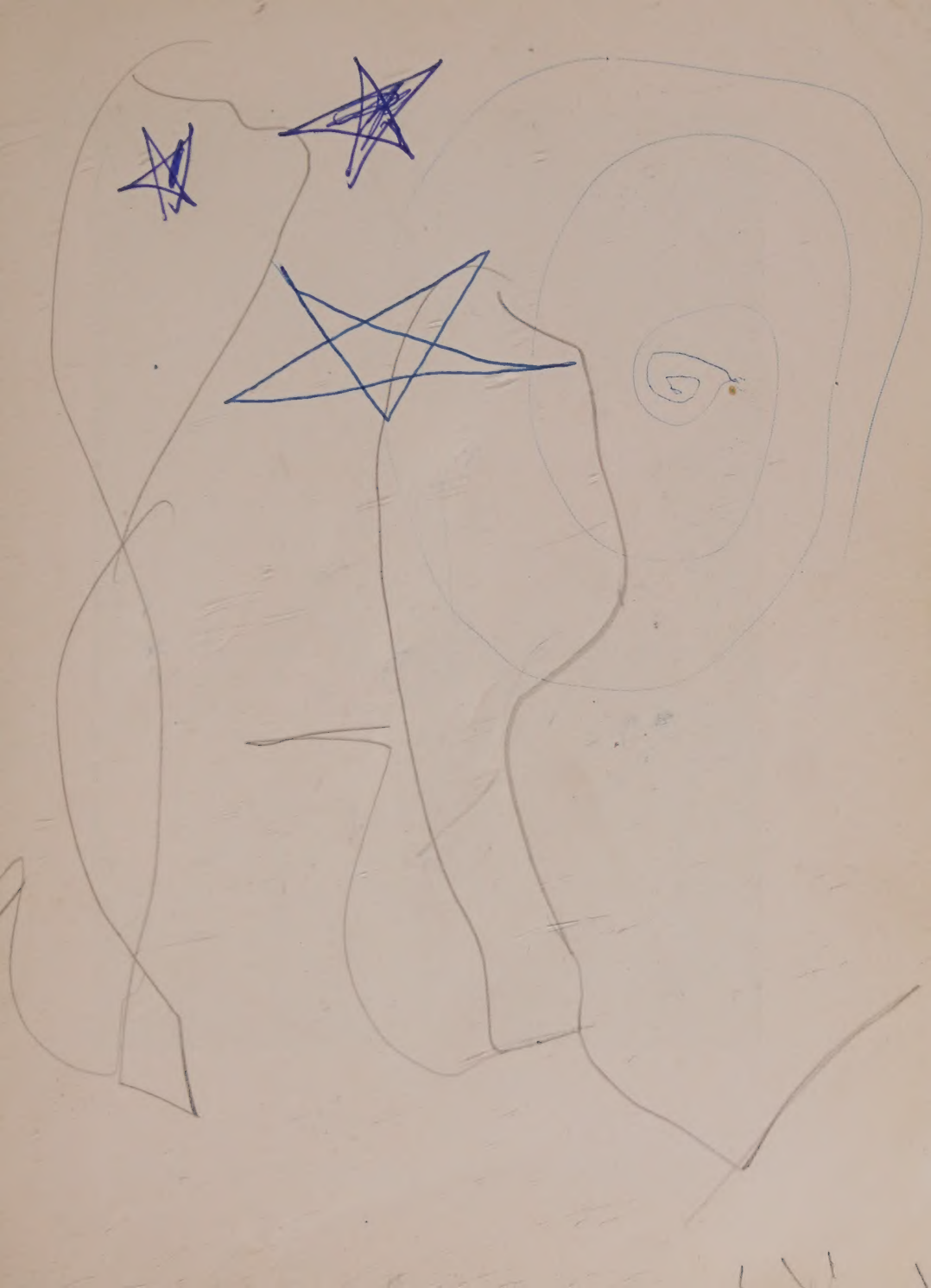
Leslie Burdick
MARY WOOD

A HUNDRED TRIPS TO STORYLAND





"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star."

A HUNDRED TRIPS TO STORYLAND

by

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

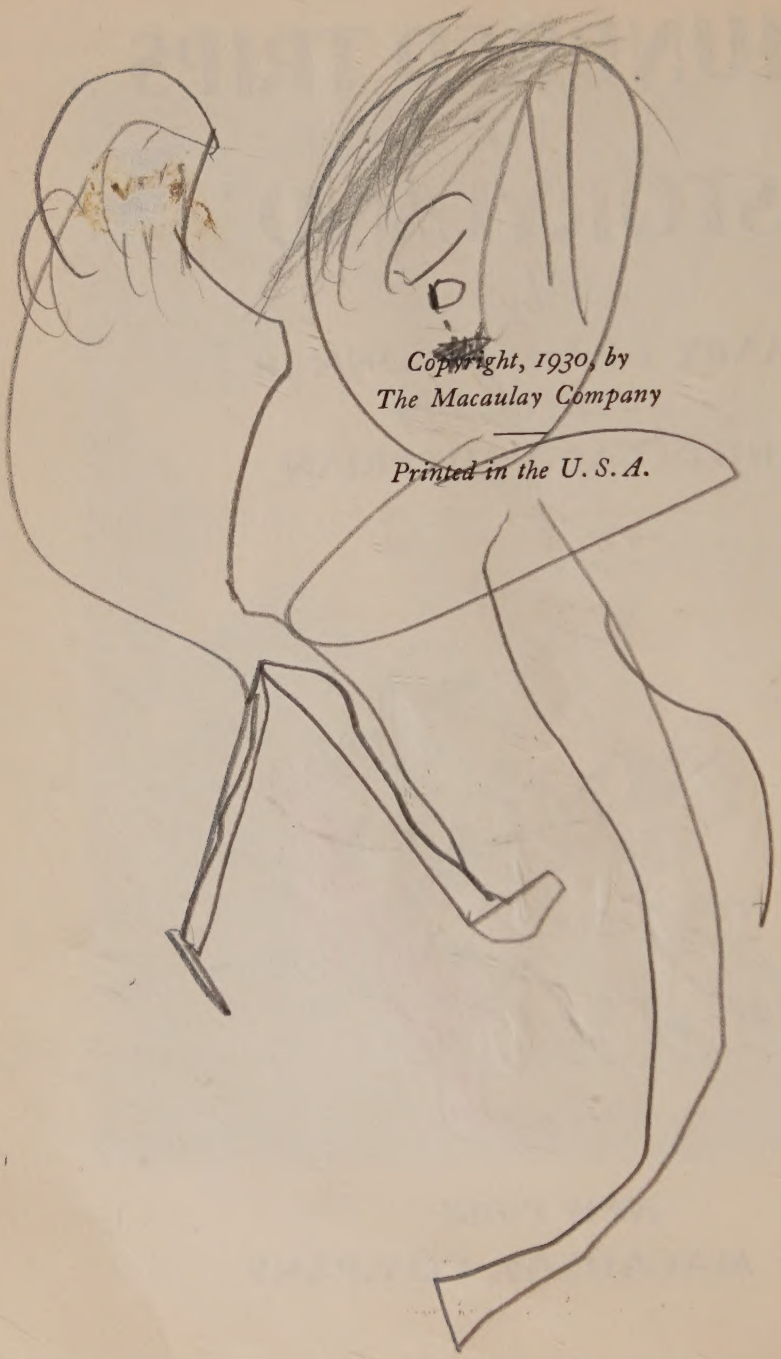
illustrated by

HILDEGARD LUPPRIAN

Colet Sherman Bose

NEW YORK

THE MACAULAY COMPANY



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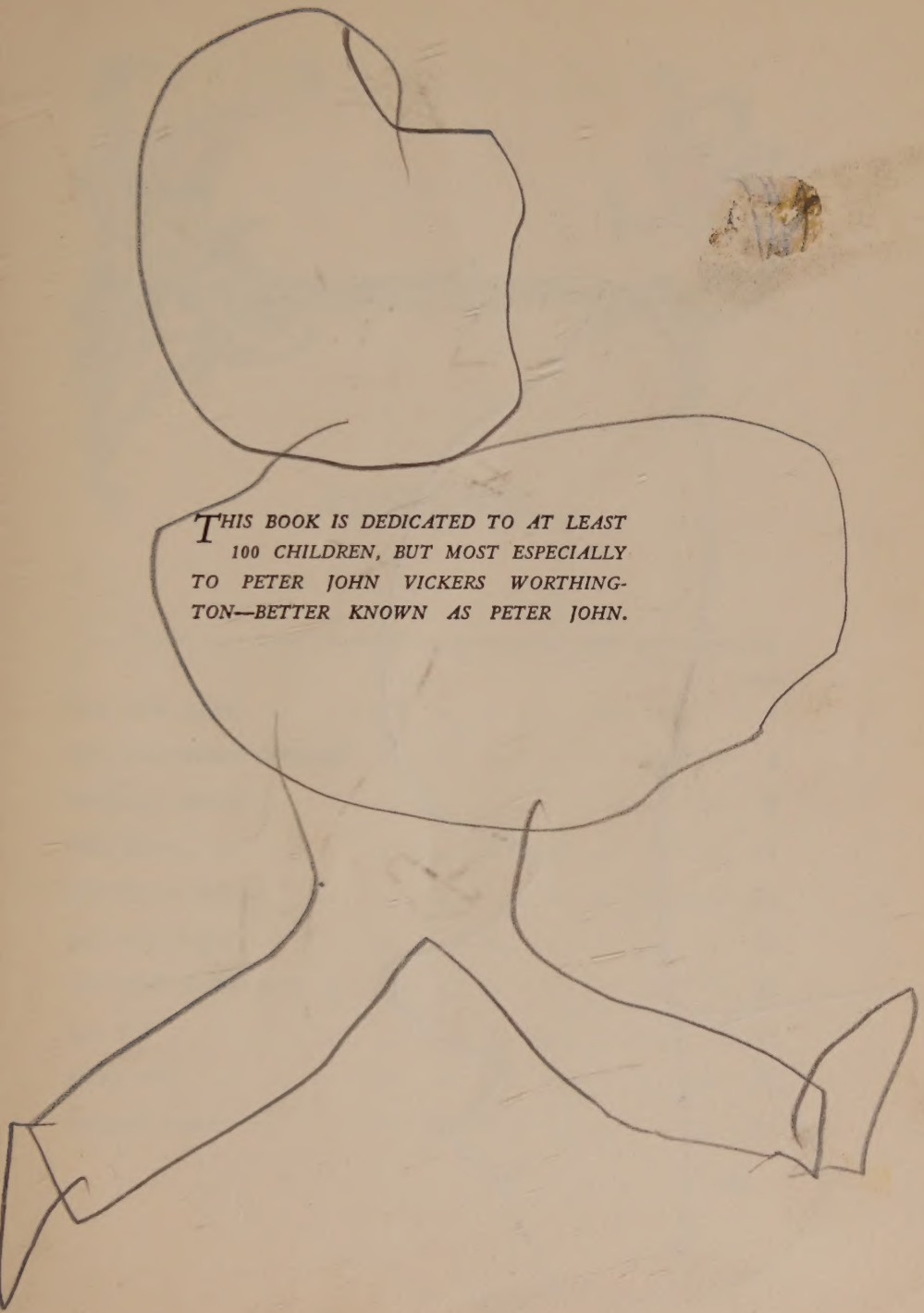
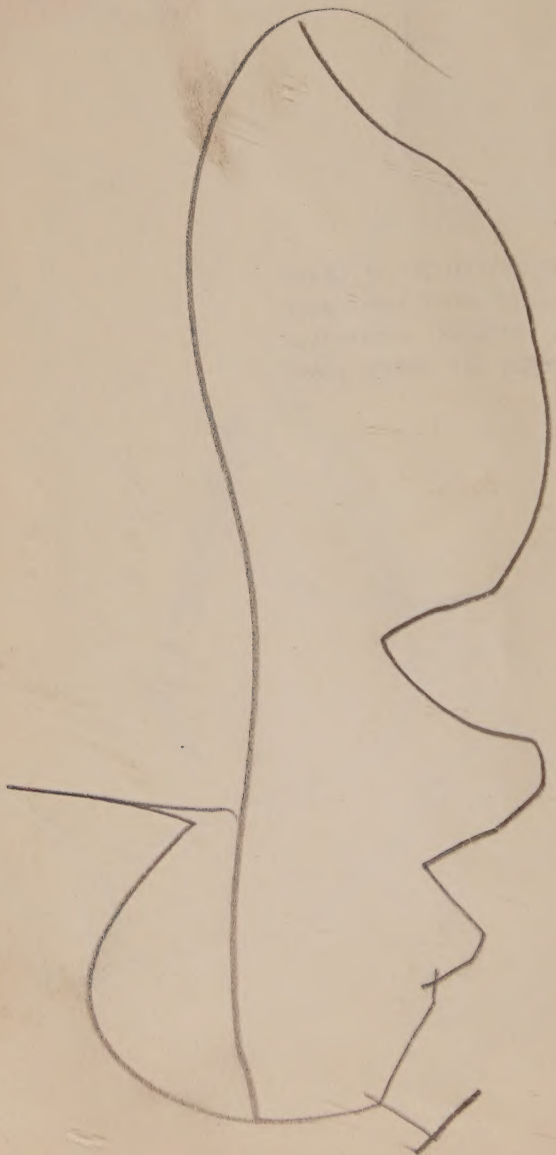
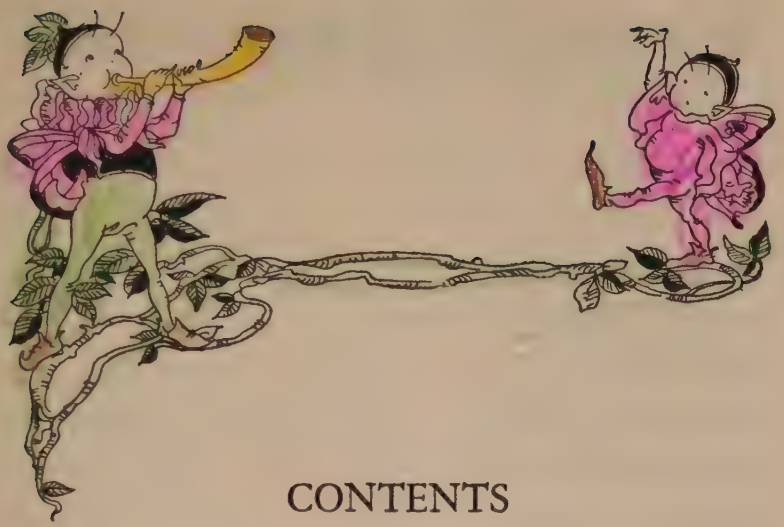


THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO AT LEAST 100 CHILDREN, BUT MOST ESPECIALLY TO PETER JOHN VICKERS WORTHINGTON—BETTER KNOWN AS PETER JOHN.





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A HUNDRED TRIPS TO STORYLAND

THE NEW YEAR

IT WAS really quite astonishing. You stood in one spot and it was one year and you stood in the same spot only a second later and it was a New Year.

Without moving at all and without any effort on your part the New Year came along.

You could stand quite still, you didn't have to say a word and the New Year came when it was time for the New Year to come.

If you begged it to come a minute sooner or ten minutes sooner it wouldn't do that.

The New Year, new and young though it was, knew the moment of its entrance and just when it should be.

So the New Year came and all the pages of the old calendars were torn off.

They looked a little lonely standing around or hanging from the walls with no dates left on them, only a little last sheet which did not mean anything at all.

But quickly the new calendars were put up and the old calendars were forgotten, though many of the dates which the old calendars had marked were not forgotten.

No one would forget how glorious the Christmas season had been or how wonderful some of the birthdays had been or what a nice summer holiday had been had.

But now it was the New Year and the Old Year had gone.

The Old Year had not been sad about going. It had joined the other years and had gone to the Valley of Memories where all the years went.

They had a beautiful time there talking about the good times they had had, and comparing happy notes.

Then when people wanted to talk about old times and refer to glorious memories and beautiful memories, the Old Years used to send forth the messages to the people that they were guarding all the memories of beautiful times so they could call upon them whenever they wished.

Everyone would celebrate the New Year by parties or good wishes or calendars or little gifts, so that the New Year felt welcomed as it came along.

But every year the Old Year and the New Year had a talk and they often talked in poetry.

It was not the same talk each time, for always the Old Year talking had been the New Year of twelve months before.

But the Old Year remembered how it had talked when it was a New Year and how nice it was to have a chat every year.

And as the Old Year and the New Year were talking together little Dolly and her family were all wishing each other a Happy New Year, and looking over the presents they had given each other of fruit and nuts and small pieces of shining new money.

And as the Old Year and the New Year were talking little Maggie was sitting in her father's lap and he was telling her stories of days of long before, when there were few automobiles and everyone rode in sleighs and when the customs were different and the clothes were different, and how those who were grown-ups now had looked when they were little.

And as the Old Year and the New Year were talking little Melly was sitting by her brother's side and he was telling her that she was the best sister in the whole world and she thought that all who wished her a happy New Year would be sure their wishes would come true for her, as she couldn't help but be happy with such a brother.

It was fun to welcome in the New Year, though it was a little sad to see the Old Year depart!

THE WONDERING BUSINESS

"I DON'T suppose I've had a day off in years," said Chief Wonder.

"No?" said Billie Brownie.

"Don't you get tired?" he added after a moment.

"It's surprising to me that I don't," said Chief Wonder. "Perhaps my work amuses me so much that I cannot get tired of it.

"I really do enjoy it. It is such fun."

"You told me your name was Chief Wonder," Billie Brownie said. "But I don't believe I know what your work is."

"I am in business," said Chief Wonder.

"Business?" repeated Billie Brownie.

"Yes," said Chief Wonder, "I'm in the Wondering Business.

"There are three members of the firm and the name of the firm is 'Wonder, Wonder & Wonder, Experts in Wondering.' "

Billie Brownie still looked very much puzzled.

"You see," continued Chief Wonder, "I'm a member

of the firm. And the other two members of the firm are always called Chief, too.

"We want to be quite equal in our duties."

"What are your duties?" Billie Brownie asked.

"Our duties are to furnish Wonders. We furnish them

by wholesale or retail and whichever way they are wanted. We don't suggest that people order by the wholesale or retail from us. We let them do just as they think best.

"We do not give anything but the genuine Wonders. We don't give anything but genuine articles of Wonder."

"And how do you do this?" Billie Brownie said.

"You've heard people say," Chief Wonder explained, " 'I wonder if it is going to rain tomorrow.'

"Well, that wonder comes from the firm of Wonder, Wonder & Wonder.

"You've heard people say: 'I wonder if we'll go camping this summer.'

"That camping wonder also comes from the firm of Wonder, Wonder & Wonder.

"When people are sure of a thing they never come to us. But whenever they are not sure but are thinking about it—then we're the people to come to for we fix them up.

"You've heard people say: 'I wonder if the party will be fun.'

"We have nothing to do with the party but we furnish the wonder to the person who is going to the party but who isn't sure what it will be like, yet who is thinking about it.

"And as I've said we're busy all the time. People are always wondering about this or that or the other thing.

"We simply don't have a moment off. Our business hours are all the time.

"That is why there must be three members of the firm. There must always be at least two of us who are furnishing wonders—for each of the three of us takes turns in sleeping.

"We wouldn't do that except that it is part of our business.

"We work then, too, for we are furnishing dream won-

ders to people—people who wonder in their dreams or in their half-waking moments.

"But you see it is impossible for any of us to take a real rest. We're much too busy for that. I must rush off now. The other members of the firm will be needing me."

And then Billie Brownie saw Chief Wonder go off with two companions and they looked ever so much like question marks dressed up and on the hat of each was the word WONDER.

FREEZING WORDS

IT WAS very cold one afternoon and Jack had thought he had never known it to be so cold.

There had been some mild weather and everyone had said:

"It seems as though there were spring in the air."

But right after that it became very, very cold, and if spring had been in the air she had certainly gone back home for a while and had decided not to come forth for a time.

Every time Jack spoke he could see his breath in the cold, cold air.

Everyone did the same thing, too. In fact, people's mouths seemed to look like kettles when the steam is coming out just as the water boils.

That had happened before, but it had never seemed to amount to so much at any other time.

Jack even thought that it might freeze so hard that the warm breath coming out of people's mouths would form into little icicles and cakes of ice.

He thought of that a good deal. In fact, he went to bed thinking about it.

Now, as a rule, Jack seldom had dreams. He went to sleep so quickly that if he was speaking to anyone as he got into bed, as soon as he was lying down he was asleep.

Often and often he went to sleep right in the middle of sentences—sentences that were never finished.

But this night it was different. No sooner was Jack asleep than he began to dream. But he did not know it was a dream. It was so real to him.

He was in a place very, very cold, and very close to the North Pole.

But there were a good many people around, about as many people as lived in the village which was Jack's home.

In fact, he began recognizing the people from his own home and speaking to them.

He meant to ask them how they had all arrived 'way up here, but he didn't as he knew they would only ask him the same question and it would have seemed so foolish not to have been able to answer it.

Yet he could not have answered it.

The people all spoke to one another and as they did so the breath came out of their mouths and began freezing in long icicle shapes.

And then the words began to come out, and Jack saw words and sentences such as "My, isn't it cold," coming right out of a person's mouth, going up a little distance into the air and then freezing solid.

"This is Freeze Town," said another. "This place is now called by that name."

And all those words came forth and hung suspended in the air, frozen quite solid. They still showed what words they were, but they were of thick, clear ice.

Well, as the words began to freeze as people spoke, and as the air became thick with frozen words, a great blanket of snow came down from the sky with icicle hooks hanging down to which the words attached themselves.

The whole air became actually crowded with frozen words.

In fact, it became so crowded that the words found themselves having no place to go and they began planting themselves on the snow banks and all around the front doorsteps and in front yards and even in the street.

So thick with frozen words did Freeze Town become that the tallest man in the whole town had to come out and direct traffic so that the people could get about.

Even the town band, which played for indoor skating during the winter, came out, and as they did so, playing as they marched, the music notes froze, too, so that the music notes were suspended from the snow blanket and were lying about on the branches of trees.

There were whistling notes, also, made by boys who whistled well, and these froze, too.

There was no telling what would have happened next had it not been that Jack's mother awoke him and said, "Time to get up and it is not so cold today as yesterday."

THE TREES

"WE WOULD like to have you know," the Winter Trees were whispering, "that we are not wasting our time now. We are thinking of the springtime and getting ready for it and nourishing and strengthening ourselves."

"You can tell that our twigs will be opposite each other, because our buds are," said the Horse-Chestnut.

"You can tell the same of us," said the Dogwoods.

"And of us," said the Maples.

But most of the other trees whispered in the winter breeze:

"You can tell that we're different. Our buds are never opposite each other, and so our twigs aren't."

"I have gray, rough twigs," said the Slippery Elm, "but I'm nice to chew.

"It's more than can be said of most trees. Yes, I'm a delicious kind of thing to chew!"

"You talk about yourself in a rather strange manner," said the Cork Elm, with a cork-like material upon its branches.

"I hope I will be recognized," said the Black-berried Holly. "I am green, as far as my leaves are concerned, most of the winter.

"I'm a relative of Christmas Holly. But my berries are black, as you may have guessed from my name. And I am also called Inkberry!"

"I am a Red Spruce tree," said the Red Spruce tree, "and I will grow nicely if horrible forest fires don't come up against me and fight me. I can't fight them.

"I have nice cousins known as the White Spruce. They're a fine family and dress handsomely with bluish foliage, which is very lovely.

"Then I have cousins known as the Black Spruce family. They have bluish foliage and they are more unusual than I am.

"But still I do not think it matters if one is a more usual kind of tree. Any kind of a tree is nice, I think. Of course I look upon it as a tree would!"

"The strangest thing about the trees to me," said Mr. Wind, as he blew through the trees with Old Man Winter near by, "is the way they like to travel."

"Travel?" asked Old Man Winter.

"Yes," said Mr. Wind, "and I help them, too."

"Of course I suppose you do if you say you do.

"In fact, I know you do if you say you do, for though you're a blustering old fellow, you're truthful," said Old Man Winter.

"Yes, it's true," said Mr. Wind, "but you help me, too. Yes, Old Man Winter helps."

"Do explain," said Old Man Winter.

"Well," began Mr. Wind, "I help blow the seeds of the trees so they will fall away from the big tree and so they will see a little more of the world.

"The pine tree seeds have small wings attached to them, you will notice, and so I can help them easily. They almost help themselves.

"Plants and trees like to travel, you see, and have a change, just as people and animals do."

"I see," said Old Man Winter, "but I never thought of it before.

"Strange, here I've been helping, too, without knowing it, and I've never thought about the traveling of the tree seeds!

"Well, Old Man Winter had better come around next year. He will doubtless learn something else then," Old Man Winter chuckled.

"For as old as he is he still has a great deal to learn."

"So have I," said Mr. Wind, "but don't let's say so above a whisper."

And Mr. Wind whistled merrily.

THE SKY'S BROOMS

"HELLO," said the Wind, "want to come along?"

"Oh, yes," said the Breeze Brothers.

"Come along, then," said the Wind. "I have an engagement today to sweep the sky."

"It's a pretty big engagement, isn't it?" asked the Breeze Brothers.

"Oh, yes," said the Wind, "but none too big a job for the Wind.

"Ah, I have all my brooms ready. I'll give some of them to you.

"Yes, you may all have some, too. But I use a number at a time.

"Oh, when the Wind takes to sweeping there is sweeping to be done! And sweeping is done."

So off hurried the Wind and behind him flew the Breeze Brothers.

Rushing through the air they went, swirling, whirling.

They breathed cool air as they went along, but they did not leave much wind behind them, for they were taking it all with them to the sky.

They were leaving a little behind but not a great deal.

There had been a good deal of wind around for the Wind and the Breeze Brothers had been about, but now they must give the sky all their attention.

On, on they rushed, hurrying to the sky.

The Wind was in the lead, carrying many brooms.

The Breeze Brothers followed along, carrying other and somewhat smaller brooms.

Then they reached the sky.

Oh, how the Wind swept!

The Wind used all his brushes and brooms.

He had a pink broom and a purple broom and a magenta broom and a broom of trailing clouds.

And he swept and he swept and he swept. Great, huge, sweeping strokes, back and forth, back and forth over the sky.

The Breeze Brothers swept, too. They swept little cloudy patches and they swept with their smaller brushes and brooms of purple and pink, magenta and lavender.

Steadily, steadily, steadily they swept.

Then the Wind went hurrying all over the sky.

And once more, back and forth, with great, huge sweeping strokes, the Wind swept and swept and swept.

Oh, how big his brooms were and with what mighty gestures he used them.

The whole sky was none too big for his great brooms.

And the broom of trailing clouds he used a little more delicately, sweeping more lightly, airily with it.

Then he was through.

Then he spoke to the Breeze Brothers.

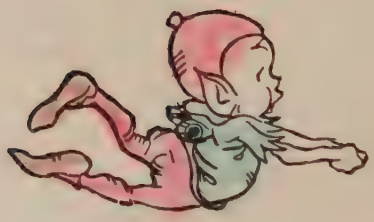
"Come along now, we must be off. We have finished."

So the Wind went off to his Sleeping Palace, where the Wind goes when the Wind dies down and takes a rest and where he must go after he has swept the great sky.

The Breeze Brothers went along to their sleeping quarters, too.

But the people looked at the sky and they saw the great sweeping colors flourished across the sky, and they said:

"What a wind-swept-looking sky and how beautiful it is, with its sweeping wonderful colors."



THE OLD QUILT

THE old quilt had been up in the attic for a long, long time.

Moths had come and had had banquets right on the quilt. That was really a disgrace for the quilt to suffer.

Oh, there had been the time when the quilt never had to put up with anything like that.

There had been the time when during the summer the quilt had been put away, and when moth balls and newspapers had been used to keep the quilt safe from moths and their banquets.

There had been the time when the quilt had been taken out as winter had approached, and had been greeted so affectionately.

Speeches like this the quilt had heard:

"Oh, the quilt will feel pretty good tonight."

"Oh, the quilt will be needed tonight."

"What a lovely warm thing the quilt is."

"How warm and yet how light it is!"

"We needed the quilt last night. Well, we will have it tonight."

Such had been some of the speeches the quilt had heard. And then the quilt had been tucked up under the chins of children.

The quilt was very old, oh, very, very old. But many a happy time, oh, many and many a happy time the quilt had had.

When the quilt was new it had been used to cover up two children who slept in a trundle bed. In the daytime the trundle bed had been put under the big bed in the mother's and father's bedroom.

Of course the children were out of the bed then!

The quilt had felt so proud and happy covering the children each night.

The quilt had loved being tucked under their chins. The quilt had felt their affection.

Then the children had grown up and the quilt had been used for a big, tall bed.

And then once more the quilt had been used for children—the children of those who had grown up.

And then the quilt had been used again for grown-ups.

Oh, the quilt had had a long, long life. You will hardly wonder that the quilt had had a proud and happy time for many, many years, when you hear that the quilt was now over a hundred years old.

But for the past ten years or so the quilt had been in the attic. The trundle bed was deserted. The children of the second group of children now slept in other beds. The trundle bed was used sometimes on rainy days when the children played house in the attic.

But the poor old quilt with its moth-eaten holes, its dark blue covering faded, and dusty and musty now, thought of the long life it had had and how it was permitted to be used by moths for a moth banquet.

Nothing is a greater disgrace for a proud old quilt than to be used as the table for a moth banquet.

But all of a sudden the quilt knew a great change. The quilt was brought down from the attic and dusted and swept and made all nice and clean.

"It has a few moth holes in it," they said, "but it will do."

Once more the quilt received fine speeches and kind words. Once more they said how warm it was and how light in weight it was.

But what do you suppose the quilt was used for now? For covering the laps of members of the family when they went for rides in the automobile. Even an old quilt had to change and become modern and go dashing through the country. It was a change for the old quilt, but the old quilt really liked it and did not feel so old-fashioned as you might think.

THE FIRST SNOW MAN

"YOU may all be as pleased as you like with this thing or with that," said the first Snow Man, "but I am as delighted as a creature could be.

"Here I am the first Snow Man around these parts. In a way I feel like an early settler, or a discoverer, or a pioneer, or something grand that way.

"Yes, I hear all about those people pioneers, and settlers and discoverers, and all.

"You see, I am outside a school window, and you have no idea the education that comes right out of the window to me.

"It is considered very healthy these days, and it is very healthy to have windows open, so they open the school window a bit and the education comes right out to me.

"I don't have to go to school and melt with the effect inside learning would have on me.

"I stay here and keep cool and learn just the same.

"You see, there are those discoverers who go off and see countries for the first time, or they discover wonders no one has discovered before.

"Then there are pioneers who are the first to break through a new country and brave the hard conditions to push ahead.

"And there are the early settlers who come forth with their wives and their families and settle themselves in a new country and develop it and make it produce.

"Now, that is the way I feel. Not perhaps as much as the really real pioneers and settlers and discoverers felt, but in a slighter and lesser way.

"I am the first snow man of the season. There has not been enough snow to make many snow men. They have had to watch out for me as it has really not been very cold.

"But they have done their best for me and here I am, ready to withstand a few warm days for the sake of being the first snow man.

"I let them try to freeze me at night, for I am the first snow man, and I want to be strong and stand here by the school house and become wise.

"I have an old pail upon my head. It is not a wonderful pail, but it gives me a fine appearance.

"I look like something out of the ordinary, and the way a first snow man should look.

"Later, when there is lots of snow there are lots of snow men and snow forts and snow houses, and there are all sorts of things made out of snow.

"But you have a certain amount of importance when you are the first snow man."

"Good," said King Snow, "I am glad I was able

to give you the honor—with the aid of the children in the school."

So the first Snow Man stood outside the school, with a pail upon his head, feeling very fine and very superior, and quite intelligent.

And as the days dashed along, before the real, real winter came, little Mahalia, who always had so much to do, and enjoyed everything that she did so much, sighed and said:

"Oh dear, the days used to walk along. But now they just run away from me. Here it is almost winter, and just the other day it was summer, it seemed."

And the first Snow Man laughed to himself to think of the days really running away.

He knew better than that, even though he was only a snow man and received his education through the open window.

RED TOP

RED TOP, the rooster, was boasting. "Cock-a-doodle-do," he said, "now, when all is said and done, there isn't a finer rooster anywhere than I am."

"What do you mean by 'when all is said and done'?" asked Miss Hen.

"Yes, what has been said and what has been done?" asked Mrs. Hen.

"That shows how stupid you hens are," continued Red Top, the rooster, "not to understand what that expression means.

"It means that all has been said and done and finished whether anything has been said or done or finished or not!"

"Nonsense, cackle-cackle," said Miss Hen.

"Nonsense, cackle-cackle," said Mrs. Hen.

"It means," continued Red Top, "that after taking everything into consideration, there isn't a finer rooster anywhere than I am."

"What has been taken into consideration, cackle-cackle?" asked Miss Hen.

"Who has taken everything into consideration, cackle-cackle?" asked Mrs. Hen.

"I have," said Red Top.

"Oh well, that's hardly fair," said Miss Hen.

"Hardly fair," said Mrs. Hen.

"Oh well," said Miss Hen, "one cannot decide such questions for one's self."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Hen.

"I don't see why not," said Red Top.

"Others might not agree," said Miss Hen.

"They might not agree at all," said Mrs. Hen.

"Ah, but I won't ask their opinion," said Red Top. "I am satisfied with my own opinion, and my own opinion is that there isn't a finer rooster anywhere than I am.

"Why should I ask for another opinion when I am pleased with my own?

"I have said to myself:

" 'Red Top, old chap, who is the finest rooster anywhere?'

"And I have answered myself, so nicely:

" 'Red Top, you are the finest rooster anywhere.'

"You see," he continued, "I crow so well. I find such nice worms.

"All the hens admire me as I strut around the barnyard. The other roosters are jealous of me.

"The family admires me and speaks of me with admiration.

"So naturally I have come to the opinion which I have reached."

"Did it take you a long time to reach that opinion?" asked Miss Hen.

"Did it, Red Top, cackle-cackle?" asked Mrs. Hen.

"Not long at all," said Red Top. "I didn't have to tire myself out thinking because that correct thought came to me so promptly."

The hens couldn't help but admire him. He had such a splendid air of importance. His crown was so handsome and he stood in the barnyard with such a dignified bearing.

So Red Top went strutting around the barnyard saying over and over and over again:

"Cock-a-doodle-do,
Cock-a-doodle-do,
Cock-a-doodle-do,
Who, who, who,
Is the finest rooster?
Red Top, Red Top,
Rah, rah, rah!"

PRIZE COW

SUZETTE wanted to own a cow.

Of course that is quite a big wish—to want to own a cow.

Lots of people might want to own cows, and they couldn't possibly do so.

It might be that they lived in cities and cows would be out of place in cities.

You couldn't put a cow in a city apartment and you couldn't leave a cow in the cellar where the people's trunks and bags and old chairs and sofas, which they can't use but don't want to throw away, are kept.

You couldn't keep a cow on a couch in the dining-room.

You couldn't keep a cow on the fire-escape.

No, you couldn't keep a cow in a city, so that it is just as well for city people to keep from wanting to own cows, and maybe by this time they have succeeded in not wanting them.

If you live in a city, don't wish for a cow.

It wouldn't be possible for you to be happy with a cow

in the city, nor would it be possible for the cow to be happy.

But if you live in the country maybe you can wish for a cow.

Suzette's father owned a cow.

He owned a very fine cow. Suzette lived on the edge of a village.

It wasn't a farm, but it was quite a big place, and the cow had a lovely field all her own and was quite contented and happy, chewing, mooing, giving milk, lying down, sitting down, standing up, and going in for all the other amusements and pleasures such as these that make up the life of a cow.

But Suzette longed to own a cow of her own. Oh, she wanted a cow more than anything.

And then one day, it seemed too real to be true, a prize was offered of a beautiful cow for the school child who could write the best essay on cows—their ways, the different breeds, how they should be cared for and what cows meant in the lives of people.

Of course Suzette wasn't any too sure that she would win the prize, but she did know a great deal about cows, and oh, she would work for that prize as she never worked for anything in all her life.

How she wrote her essay and rewrote it, and rewrote it again, and made sure of all her facts and then rewrote them so that they sounded more interesting.

Never had anyone worked so hard over an essay as Suzette worked over her essay on cows.

It seemed a long wait for the judges' decision. There had been many essays submitted in the contest.

And then at last the news came out—in the weekly paper—they came and told her—everyone seemed to know it at just the same time.

Suzette had won the prize of the beautiful cow!

And they brought her the cow at once. There was plenty of room for her in the field, and both cows seemed to like each other.

Suzette loved her cow so dearly—it was her own, own cow, and the cow's soft eyes looked at Suzette and seemed to say:

"I could never have worked so hard as you did, but I'm so glad you did work and that I belong to you."

HARRY'S VIOLIN

HARRY, as you can easily guess, was a boy. He was not particularly studious, yet he was very bright and quick and so always had good luck with his lessons. It was not all luck, of course. A good share of it was brightness.

He was as fond of playing as any boy could be. In fact he was more fond of it than many, and had so many ideas about games and amusing times to be had and adventures.

Harry was full of ideas when it came to having good times. He was always ready to share these ideas with others, too.

Now Harry had a friend who was a few years older than he was and who had lately been taking violin lessons. Harry thought it was marvelous to hear the other boy as he began to learn how to play, for the other boy was musical by nature and learned easily. His family were musical, too.

Harry's family were not musical in any particular way but Harry had always loved music. Fond as he was of games and play, out-of-doors, canoeing, swimming and

tennis, he had sometimes said that he did not believe he could really like any one who hated music.

The thought kept persisting in his head. He, too, wanted to learn how to play the violin.

He thought about it for at least two weeks before he spoke.

Then one day he went to his father and said:

"Pop, I'd like to learn to play the fiddle. Couldn't I take lessons?"

His father was not sure whether Harry really wanted to learn to study the violin, or whether it was just from having heard his friend play with so much natural talent that he thought he could learn easily.

But his father thought it would be nice if his son could really play the violin, and perhaps he could. Who would ever know unless he was given a chance to try?

And yet he did not want him to waste time learning something that would be difficult if he really did not show talent. About that his father had doubts.

But no one really knew how deeply Harry cared about music. That was because he said very little about what he cared for most and the thoughts and feelings that were the strongest he kept a little bit shyly, and very decidedly and quietly, to himself.

So he began his lessons. He took them twice a week after school was over. It was surprising how he managed to take lessons and practice a little and do his lessons a little and get through all right, and still have plenty of time for play.

But he did. And quickly, very quickly, it was only too clear that Harry had a great genius for understanding the violin he was studying.

His violin was not an expensive one. But from it Harry brought forth music that expressed so much. It expressed beauty and rhythm and gayety and charm and loveliness and sorrow, too.

It seemed as though he could do almost anything with his fiddle.

And better and better he played all the time, more and more did he draw forth from his beloved instrument.

When he put it up under his chin there was affection for it in the very way he held it.

He had far greater talent than his friend. When they played together Harry's violin could always be heard above the other, singing out with so much beauty.

Yes, it was really quite wonderful that Harry had thought of getting a violin and of taking lessons, for not only Harry was happier because of it but everyone who heard him play was thrilled and admiring and delighted.

THE OLD ANDIRON

FOR one hundred years the old andiron had never gone out of the house.

For one hundred years it had been, together with its partner andiron, serving the fireplace and remaining stout and strong and beautiful.

For the andirons were both beautiful. This special one, somehow, had always been considered more beautiful. Perhaps it was because it was the one by which Grandma had always sat. And anything near Grandma somehow grew nicer.

If you stayed with Grandma any length of time you felt nicer. The flowers that grew under her bedroom window were always the loveliest flowers in the garden.

The honeysuckle bush and the roses that she planted were more fragrant than any others.

So it was with the old andiron.

The andiron had been there before Grandma. She had loved it when she was a child. Why she picked out this one particularly she didn't know. Perhaps because it always shone more brightly after a cleaning than the other.

It liked to look handsome and dignified and beautiful.

Then Grandma, as she grew older, had sat on the side of the fire where this andiron was. Often she had hung her mittens over it to warm before she went out.

For one hundred years the old andiron had never left its post.

For one hundred years it had served the fire faithfully and well.

But now it had to be mended. It was going to be taken to the blacksmith shop to have a piece of iron fastened to its one-hundred-year-old leg.

Grandma told the man to be very careful when he carried it up the street.

"Remember," she cautioned the man, "to carry it with great care, for the outside world will seem very strange to the andiron which has spent its whole life by the fire.

"It will be astonished by the excitement of a street. It will be a little nervous. So be very careful."

The man was very careful. The andiron went into the shop, carried by the man. The blacksmith shop and the fire looked natural, in a way, to the andiron, and it was a relief after the excitement of the street.

After the andiron was mended it was brought back again. Its partner listened to the account of the street and of the shop.

"You've had adventures," said its partner, as the fire crackled.

"You will have to tell me all about it at night when all is quiet and when we're here by ourselves."

And the old andiron promised that it would.

Ah, yes, once more it was back in its place. Once more it was at home.

"I'm happy to be home again," the andiron said that night after everyone had gone to bed and ashes had been put over the fire so that no sparks would fly out.

"Yes, I'm happy to be at home again. I'm not one for the outside world.

"It was cold going up the street, very, very cold. I like the warmth of my own fire.

"I'm a homebody. I love my own fireside just as some people do.

"The outside world may be very fine, but give me my own hearth, with you, dear partner, and the family and the fire."

"I'm thankful," said the andiron's partner, "that you feel like this about your own home fire."

"There is nothing like it," said the one-hundred-year-old andiron, and its brass face glowed in the dying embers of the fire.

ICICLE CASTLES

ALICE wanted so much to hear a story about icicle castles, and surely everyone can understand this for nothing is any more beautiful than an icicle castle.

It had been cold that day, and Alice had come indoors early in the afternoon.

She had had some lessons to learn and the fire in the stove seemed so lovely and warm.

When she went to bed that night she saw all the wonderful paintings made on her window by the Icicle artists.

Such beautiful designs and pictures. She could make out, too, just where there was a castle.

It did seem very fine to have a castle on her very own window!

Not much after this she was in bed with the big red comfortable tucked around her shoulders and under her chin.

She was as warm as could be.

She could hear the crackling noise the snow and ice made outside.

It was a very still night, but very cold. Every sound could be heard so clearly.

The crackling noise seemed to be louder and louder after a little while and the creaking sounds she had heard in the hard snow seemed to come more often.

"Hello, Alice," said a voice. She lifted the red comfortable down a little, and half sat up in bed.

"Hello," said Alice, politely.

"I've come to take you for a little trip," the voice continued.

"I can't see you," said Alice.

"Well, well, well, I must come closer," said the voice. "You don't want to take a trip with any stranger of course but when you see who I am I feel sure you will want to come with me."

The creature came closer. He was dressed in an icicle costume and he looked like a big, fat, beautiful icicle himself.

"Who are you, do tell me," urged Alice. "To me you look exactly like an icicle."

"Then I look like myself," chuckled the creature, and as he chuckled a little cool wave of air swept over Alice.

"Are you an icicle?" asked Alice.

"Indeed I am," said the creature.

"And what is your name?" asked Alice.

"My name is Icy Icicle, and I live at Icicle Headquarters."

"Where are they?" asked Alice.

"They're the headquarters for the Icicle family. Of

course we all travel around and visit rocks and houses and trees and hillsides, but we have a very huge and magnificent icicle castle which we call Headquarters.

"There live the big icicles and the little icicles and the old icicles and the new icicles.

"When icicles are weary they come there for rest, when they aren't quite strong enough to go out they stay there, and when the icicles drop down because it is too warm or because they have fallen, they are picked up by little icicle workers and brought back to Headquarters so that they will get well.

"I've come to ask you if you'd like to pay Headquarters a visit."

"Oh, oh," said Alice, "I would love to more than anything."

So Icy Icicle and Alice went straight over to the window, right through the castle that had been painted upon the window.

On and on they went through groves and valleys and paths lined with icicle hangings.

At last they reached the Headquarters. Oh, such a castle as there was! It had turrets and towers and moats and great huge ballrooms and dining rooms and reception rooms and great halls in which hung pictures of famous Icicle leaders.

Never had Alice seen such gorgeous icicles. They seemed to wear many jewels, too. And she was given a banquet of Iced delicacies in the great icicle banquet hall.

And just before dawn began to creep over Headquarters Icy brought her back home, and tucked her in her own bed—and the strangest thing was that not once had she been cold!

COCKLES OF THE HEART

THE old clock, standing so tall in the wide hall, struck.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine.

Ten.

Eleven.

Twelve.

It was midnight. Everything in the house was very quiet. Tip, tip, tip-toe, very, very quietly along went the Cockles of the Heart and settled themselves before the warm ashes and a few remaining bright coals in the old fireplace.

They sat all around the fireplace, every one of them, and there were many of them.

"Shall we call her?" they said to each other.

"Yes, we might as well," they said.

"No one has ever really known about us," said some of them.

"Well, we won't tell the way we began," the rest of them added.

"Yes, let us call her," they agreed.

"You'd better go up and fetch her down here. It will be cold in her room. She has the window open. Good and healthful for sleeping but a bit chilly for sitting by quite so early in the summer."

It was a very big Cockle who spoke to a very little Cockle.

The little Cockle stood up and started to go upstairs. The Cockles were dressed in little shell suits which made them look like little sea mollusks or mussels or shellfish as far as their costumes of shell were concerned. Their happy little faces were wrinkled up into funny little smiles and they all looked so dear and funny and jolly and lovable that if you had seen them you couldn't have helped but love them.

The little Cockle seemed to know the room. Opening the door gently, he spoke:

"Maggie," he whispered, "come on downstairs by the fire."

Now Maggie, as you know, is not fond of spending too much time in bed and she loves an open fire, so the very moment the little Cockle spoke Maggie was up and ready. She is too, you know, rather a light sleeper.

The Cockle took her by the hand and led her down stairs where she sat in the center of the circle of Cockles.

"We've heard that you wondered about the Cockles of the Heart," they said. "We belong to that family. We can't tell you how we began and when first we were spoken about or anything about our origin for that is a great secret and no one has ever been able to discover the answer.

"But we are going to introduce you to some of the family. We warm the innermost parts of people's hearts. We sit by fires late at night and we store up lots of warmth of the fire and we also carry away little packages of pleasant, loving family thoughts and speeches which have been left by members of a family before they have gone to bed.

"These we take about and give them to others to scatter. When people do kind things and say kind things that they really and truly mean and when those who have heard them, say:

" 'Ah, what they said and what they did has warmed the cockles of my heart,' they have received some of our warmth. We only scatter our warm, loving, kindly, happy sincere gifts to those who want to really touch the innermost parts of their loved ones' hearts.

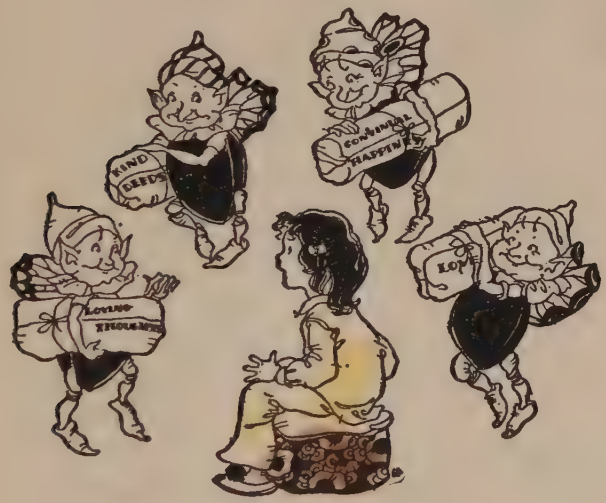
"We wear our suits of hard shell for those who don't mean what they say can't receive anything from us—they cannot have our real warmth.

"You love to speak of the cockles of your heart so we came to see you. Your mother warms the cockles of your

heart by the beautiful, unselfish, thoughtful loving things she does. You warm the cockles of the hearts of your family by the sweet love you show them.

"That's why we came to call on you. But we must be off now. We're busy, we're thankful to say."

And as Maggie started up to her room the Cockles all walked straight up the chimney, forming the shape of a huge heart and waving to her as they, each, disappeared.



COCKLES AND BUDDY

THE clock in the dining room was striking the hour.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine.

Ten.

Eleven.

Twelve.

It was midnight.

And oh, it was very quiet. It was just the time for the Cockles of the Heart to be about.

They had gone to call on Buddy. They came, just as they had come to Maggie's house, walking on their tip, tip, tip-toes, very, very, very quietly.

Their happy little faces wrinkled up into funny little

smiles and they all looked so dear and funny and jolly and lovable that if ever you saw them you could not help but love them.

Buddy is a good deal younger than Maggie, and the Cockles knew that at such a late hour they had better not awaken him.

They knew that even as a special treat they had better not disturb him at midnight.

They sat around the fireplace in Buddy's house and they warmed their little selves before the ashes and the bright coals of Buddy's fireplace.

"We'll take him the bundles soon," said the biggest Cockle of all to the smallest Cockle.

"Soon," said the smallest Cockle. Then the Cockles spoke of Buddy.

"I've heard he plays 'elevator,' " said one Cockle. "He jumps up and down on a board and makes believe that he is going up and down in elevators in big buildings."

"I've heard," said another Cockle, "that he pretends he is telephoning by using two spoons, one for a mouthpiece and one with which to hear."

"I've been told," said a third Cockle, "that he helps make beds and carries the soiled clothes and puts them in the big basket."

"I've heard," said a fourth Cockle, "that he puts away his own little suit after he has undressed."

"And he sings," said a fifth Cockle.

"And recites," said a sixth Cockle.

"And thoroughly enjoys himself," said a seventh Cockle.

"Hush," said the biggest Cockle of all, "we mustn't awaken him with too much noise."

"Shall we take the bundles now?" said the smallest Cockle of all.

"Oh, yes," said the biggest Cockle of all.

Then all the Cockles got up, and carried, each one of them, a little bundle until they had reached Buddy's room.

There was Buddy fast asleep, and every little Cockle felt the most wonderful glow of happiness as they looked at him.

They formed themselves into a great heart as they gathered about him and then they scattered the contents of the bundles all over the room.

And the bundles? They were filled with the Secrets of Continual Happiness—for Buddy—beloved by the Cockles of the Heart family.

HALF-SENTENCES

IT WAS one of the funniest places you could imagine. In the first place the whole air was filled with half-sentences which looked as though they had just been put anywhere.

Some were shoved into crevices and some were hanging onto billboards.

Some were put on houses, and some were evidently attached to trees.

Some were on telegraph poles and others were on fences.

Some were on garages and some were on old barns and some were on shrubs and some were attached to tall garden vases and benches.

You could see them almost anywhere and everywhere.

It was really, as you can quite imagine by this time, one of the funniest places in the whole world.

It was called the Half-Sentence Town.

All of the half-sentences went there after they had been left over.

You know how people will begin a sentence and never finish it?

They will say something and then stop, or they will begin to explain something that they never do explain in the end.

Well, all those sentences go to the Half-Sentence Town.

They wait around a little while to see if they are going to be finished.

They want to be quite fair to those who have started them. They know that often people will think of the right words later on.

They would hate to feel that the people thought of the right words after they had left.

So they give them every chance to finish. They wait around and wait around and other sentences come and yet the Half-Sentences wait until they are sure they will never be finished.

Sometimes people will go back to an unfinished sentence. That is what the Half-Sentences wait for when they stay around even after they have been forgotten.

But when they are quite sure that they will not be thought of again they go back to the place where all the Half-Sentences live.

You should see the Half-Sentences about the place. They have just put themselves anywhere, because they have always been rather carelessly treated and so they have become careless in their habits.

They wouldn't think of going in a front door after ringing a bell the way many would.

And, of course, as they are Half-Sentences they are

made up of words rather than of legs which would lead them through front doors.

The Half-Sentences are like this:

"Oh, did you know—"

"I must tell you about—"

"Do you suppose—"

"What do you think of—"

"Will you be able to—"

"Do you want—"

and all such half-sentences as these.

So when you do not finish a sentence you will know that the Half-Sentence will go to the Half-Sentence Town where the Half-Sentences live.

The houses do not hold people. Nor do the garages hold motor cars.

They're all there, just like any town, but the Half-Sentences live in the odd way of which I have told you.

And they are quite happy and quite contented to be this way.

They do not object in the least!

FAIRY YBAB'S ORCHESTRA

IN FAIRYLAND there is an orchestra and it is Fairy Ybab who leads the orchestra. Her hair is long and black and very soft to the touch, and around her head she wears a crown of silver leaves. She beats time and directs the others who play in the orchestra with her wand which is also made of silver and her dress is of the deep blue color of the sky at night, and it sparkles with tiny diamond stars.

The melody is always played by the fairy fiddlers whose fiddles are made of sweet-smelling ferns while their bows are made from delicate twigs of bushes.

The drums are played by the woodpeckers, though sometimes the raindrops come and play, too, on the rainy nights when the lights all sparkle and there are great, long reflections from street lights gleaming upon the shiny, dark streets.

The whip-poor-wills play the flutes and the other birds take turns in playing the clarinets and the oboes and the horns.

The raindrops are always welcomed when they join the orchestra for they keep the earth so fresh and green

Fairy Ybab leads the orchestra.

and give the birds cool drinks of water. Others of the fairies sing in the chorus and sometimes on clear nights you will hear a faint sound as of music.

Perhaps, because you have human ears, you will think it is just the rustling in the trees, and the breezes whispering together, but it is really the sounds of the music coming from Fairyland.

In the summer time the Fairy Queen sits on her summer throne made of summer flowers and ferns, wearing her summer crown of rose petals.

In the springtime the Fairy Queen sits on her springtime throne made of spring flowers and feathery shrubs, wearing her spring crown of golden daffodils.

In the autumn time the Fairy Queen sits upon her autumn throne made of autumn leaves and red berries, wearing her autumn crown of golden, russet brown.

In the winter time the Fairy Queen sits upon her winter throne made of gleaming snow, and the snow birds come and perch on her shoulders and admire her crown of dark green pine needles. Nor does she feel cold as she is a Fairy Wonder person, though not so many of the birds join the orchestra in the winter time.

Upon her throne she sits and listens to the music and when it is cold the wind comes and sings through the branches of the trees that are only a-bloom at other times of the year.

The Fairy Queen loves the music that Fairy Ybab and her orchestra make. She loves the fairy fiddlers with their

lovely melodies, the whip-poor-wills with their long, strange notes.

Often, often does Fairy Ybab lead her orchestra, on clear moonlight nights, on star-lit nights, on dark, shadowy nights, and early in the mornings when the day is getting in front of the night and when the birds are awakening.

Sometimes many play in the orchestra, sometimes only a few, but alway Fairy Ybab leads it, singing sometimes with the rest, sometimes playing her fiddle, sometimes just leading and moving her little head from side to side as she leads the others.

But it was at a springtime concert that the brooks asked to join the orchestra, and the waterfalls, freshly released from their winter homes asked to join, too.

They were all so young and full of energy and life and they so wanted to sing and trill and try all sorts of new notes as they leapingly fell down the sides of hills and along little hollows or paths.

And Fairy Ybab waved her silver wand and said:

"We have really needed you all along."

Which made the brooks and the waterfalls do better than ever so that even people spoke of the beautiful sounds the fresh brooks and the springtime hilly cascades were making this year!

THE MIDNIGHT FLYER

"OH, I must dash along, rush just as fast as ever I can, and that is going very quickly, oh, so very quickly."

The train was dashing along through the night. It was often called the Midnight Flyer. It left its first station at a little before midnight and it reached its last station around breakfast time the next morning.

All through the night it went, just as quickly as it could. It only made three stops and when it stopped it seemed to keep on puffing and panting and breathing as though it were out of breath and yet as though it would feel better to be off again.

And that was the way it felt.

It was particularly eager to be off at all times. It wanted to dash through the dark night. It enjoyed it above all things.

The engineer would take care of his duties, so would the brakeman and the signal man and everyone connected with the train would do everything each should do.

But the train would go speeding on and the tracks

would just be able to give a flying greeting to the Midnight Flyer as it passed rushingly along.

The cars all connected with each other would each follow the other along the level roads, up hills, down hills, around curves, wherever the tracks led.

The lights along the way were signals, at the approach of towns the whistle shrieked shrilly, and kept on shrieking, calling in its hurried, shrill, thrilling way out into the night.

And all the time the train was dashing along.

But above all, the engine enjoyed the great, exciting night ride.

Even though they took this trip every night the engine never thought it any less thrilling.

It did not want to go more slowly Tuesday night because it had gone so quickly on Monday night.

It did not want to be lazy on Thursday because it had been so energetic Wednesday.

It went just as quickly one night as another. Always it thought the trip was just as exciting and thrilling—just as joyously hurried.

Every night, if you had heard it, you would have said it was just as eager to live up to its name of Midnight Flyer.

With its great light to see the way into the darkness of the night the huge engine pulled the cars behind it, rushing along so madly and yet knowing just where it was going, just how carefully it was going for all its speed, knowing the time that must be kept and the hour

that must be met right on time at the last station in the morning.

So as the train went, shrilly, wildly and yet with such perfect order, keeping perfect time, knowing just what it was about, it kept breathing, whispering into the dark night as it sped along:

"Oh, how I love this. I'll never go slowly. I'll always be on time.

"I've a reputation to keep and I'll keep it. I mean that I am supposed to always be on time so I shall always be on time.

"But, oh, it is so wonderful to throw your light hurriedly along as you speed through the country, around the curves, into such great darkness.

"It is so wonderful to be a Midnight Flyer and travel all night long.

"It is really a wonderful thing!"

And had you seen the Midnight Flyer you would have believed this to be so.

THANK-YOU'S COMPANION

THANK-YOU'S companion used to go about with him a great deal.

He was a good-natured creature, not particularly remarkable, and not particularly clever, but well-meaning and pleasant and nice.

Thank-You's companion was named "Don't-Mention-It."

You probably have often seen them together.

Or, at least, you have heard them when they have been holding one of their conversations.

Thank-You never speaks when the companion is along, too, without the companion adding his little name-speech to the talk.

They do not let their speeches be said by the same person. Each shows that he is a separate individual by each having a different person make his speech.

For instance you will hear one person say:

"Thank you."

And you will hear the other person say:

"Don't mention it."

Well, when you hear these two speeches, made by

two different people, yet who are speaking together, you will know that Thank-You and Don't-Mention-It are around.

Thank-You will suggest to one person that he use his name, and Don't-Mention-It will suggest to the other that he answer by using his name.

Well, one day Thank-You and Don't-Mention-It were off having a little picnic together.

They each talked in the funniest way you can imagine. Whenever Thank-You took a sandwich or a glass of ginger ale or a piece of cake he would say to the sandwich or the glass of ginger ale or the piece of cake:

"Thank You."

Whenever Don't-Mention-It took a sandwich or a glass of ginger ale or a piece of cake he would say to the sandwich or the glass of ginger ale or the piece of cake:

"Don't-Mention-It."

They were so in the habit of making these speeches they just talked that way to the food they were eating.

And instead of Don't-Mention-It thanking for what he was eating he never thanked anything or anyone but just said: "Don't mention it."

"Really," Don't-Mention-It said after they had finished the picnic, "I am a silly fellow and perhaps I'm not so polite after all.

"When you say 'thank you' I say 'don't mention it.'

"But I say it after you have mentioned it. I don't tell you ahead of time not to thank or not to bother about mentioning or speaking any thanks or appreciation.

"I say it afterward.

"I don't know that I'm very sensible or very polite."

"Oh yes," said Thank-You, "that's all right. It's right for me to thank and it's right for you to say: 'Don't mention it.'

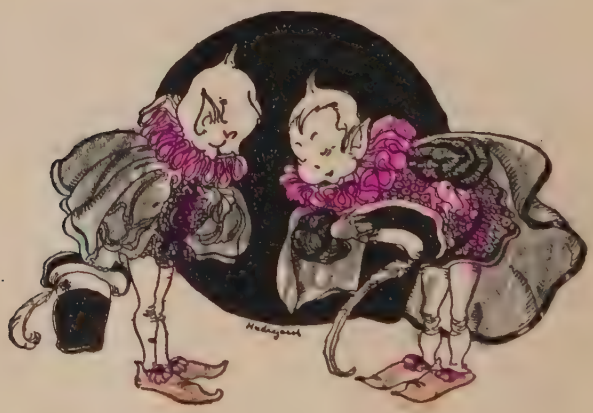
"For when you say that, it means that you accept my thanks but that you consider you should not accept too many thanks and that it was a pleasure to do for me.

"Oh, what you say is all right."

"Oh, very well," said Don't-Mention-It, "of course I'm at least well-meaning even if I'm not a brilliant fellow. You're so much finer a looking gnome-chap somehow."

"I don't know that I would say that," said Thank-You, "but thank you, just the same."

"Don't mention it," said Don't-Mention-It.



THE RACKET ROGUES

OF COURSE there are a great many of them. There have to be a good many of them in order to play the game in the way it should be played.

It is called the racket game.

It is not played with either one racket or many rackets. But there are plenty of players.

The rules of the game are few. In fact there is only one chief rule. If they all obey this chief rule it is all that is expected of them.

The chief rule is that all should make as much noise as possible, and they play many times when no one is certain that they are playing, but when they are certain that there is lots of noise.

Those who play this game are called the Racket Rogues.

They call themselves rogues because they love to be naughty and full of pranks and roguish. They adore mischief and nonsense, but above all they love noise.

They love noise so much that they could never have called themselves anything but Racket Rogues.

When there is about to be any noise anywhere some of the members of the Racket Rogue club are always on hand.

They are ever ready for noise.

They hear some noise and some of them rush toward it and without being seen they add a great deal of noise of their own.

They laugh and talk at the tops of their voices. They shriek and yell and scream.

They exclaim and shout and howl. They move things with as much noise as possible. They do everything that they do with all the noise they can.

They walk heavily, they jump heavily.

They hate quiet and stillness and silence.

The reason why only some go to join each noise they hear is that there must always be plenty of others ready to join another racket that is going on.

It would not be right for any racket to be happening without some of the Racket Rogues taking part.

They look like naughty little gnomes and they are quite fat and their feet and hands are quite large. They have wide-open eyes which are very bright and keen blue in color.

They have eyes that aren't going to miss what is going on, and wonderful hearing.

They hear a noisy game being played and without being seen they are about, adding to the general cries with their cries, too.

They hear a lot of commotion and they are on hand,

too. They wear invisible suits, which means that the eyes of people cannot see them.

But they can hear them, although they do not always know it is because of the Racket Rogues.

All they know is that they hear a great racket and it seems much noisier than it should be.

It is then that the Racket Rogues are about.

Whenever you hear a great racket you may be sure the Racket Rogues are around adding their part.

Sometimes you will hear people say:

"My, what a racket there is!"

When you hear people say that you will know what it means.

When some one says:

"Dear me, what a terrible racket," you will understand why the racket is so great.

When games are being played quietly you will know that the Racket Rogues aren't bothering about these quiet games and that they are waiting for more excitement.

Oh, you can't mistake the Racket Rogues even if you never lay eyes on them.

You will hear them and the Racket Rogues will laugh and shout and cry:

"Come on, every one of us that is here. Show what we can do. For we're the Racket Rogues, we are!"

THREE WHITE BUNNIES

THEIR names were White, Whitey and Whiteness, and they were three white bunnies.

Three dear little white rabbits with pink eyes and little noses which trembled as they looked about.

Their ears were long and pink and handsome and most of the time they were straight up in the air.

For they were listening all the time to hear what was going on about them.

Sometimes they would go off for little runs and then they put their ears straight back. It seemed to be easiest that way.

They belonged to a little boy named Carleton and he got most delicious grass for them to eat.

They each had a little meal of grass now before them and it looked as though each had his own dining-room table made of grass and covered with grass.

He also brought them potato peelings and they thought they made a most delicious dessert.

Their little noses seemed to be working hard as they ate for they wiggled them as they had their meal, and

they chewed very quickly right in the front of their little mouths.

Up and down went their little mouths.

They had a great big yard of their own, wired, and fixed so that dogs could not get to them. For dogs are enemies of the rabbits.

Carleton had one big old pet dog and this dog would sniff near the rabbits' yard but would not do any harm.

But he was a very unusual dog in this way.

Some dogs will even dig down in the earth and get under the rabbits' yards, so Carleton made the rabbits' home very safe from visiting dogs.

They were very fond of him and they had a very happy life.

"The food here is good," said White, wiggling his nose.

"Delicious," said Whitey, wiggling his nose, too.

"Excellent," said Whiteness, wiggling his nose also.

"Carleton is nice," said White, wiggling his nose again.

"Very nice," said Whitey, wiggling his nose again, too.

"So kind and good to us," said Whiteness. "I love to have him fondle me." And he wiggled his nose once more, too.

"I am a tame bunny and I like to be petted," Whiteness added.

"It is so nice to be loved and to be a pet," said Whitey.

"We're tame bunny rabbits," said White.

And then the three white bunnies sat with their little

but long ears tucked back and their soft, white furry bodies close together and they slept.

They enjoyed their sleep for they each dreamed the same dream and it was a nice dream.

They dreamed of Carleton who thought of them all as his pets.

They dreamed of food, of lettuce and grass and clover and carrots.

They dreamed of safety where they would be kept away from dogs, and they dreamed of talking to each other in nice, thumping, bunny talk.

When they awoke, to their great joy it was time for another little meal!

THE WIDE-AWAKE WIND

IT WAS long past the time when most people were in bed. It was late and even those who had felt quite wide-awake at bedtime were now sound, sound asleep.

Only the wind was wide-awake. And why not? The wind had been sleeping for three whole days.

That is a pretty long sleep and enough certainly to rest a strong and energetic old creature like the wind.

He had been asleep in his own sleeping place. For of course you know the wind has a special place where he goes and sleeps.

It is a wonderful place and although no human has ever seen it, the fairies and the brownies, the birds and the breezes, the clouds and the sun, all know about it.

And people know a little bit about it, too. At least they know, after a fashion, that the wind has a place where he goes when he wants to sleep. For when the wind quiets down after the wind has been blowing and tearing about, people say: "The wind has died down."

The wind always has gone to his sleeping palace when they say that.

Then the breezes blow just softly and gently enough so that it soothes the wind and makes him sleep so restfully, then the little bees and insects hum and sing ever so softly, which is also very soothing. Then the creatures who live about the wind's sleeping palace put on their slippers made of moss so that they will not awaken the wind.

But he had been asleep for three days now and he was feeling so wide-awake.

"Funny," he said to himself, as he blew a great long whistle, "that people should all be sleeping."

In that way, you see, he was like those who cannot understand how some one else feels sleepy when they have had their sleep and feel all rested.

"Yes," he repeated, "it is funny that they should all be asleep.

"As for me I feel wide-awake.

"I feel like blowing everywhere. Oh, I want to wander far this evening. I want to take long strides across the prairies and blow the wheat and the barley and the rye and alfalfa.

"I want to take great steps across the tall roofs in the big cities and blow around the city corners and blow down the long streets.

"I want to take a rolling, tumbling, rough trip across the ocean and see the waves rise up to meet me and greet me with their gay white caps and blue green suits.

"I want to take steps across running streams and little lakes and blow the water skimming, skipping along.

"I feel like blowing everywhere," said the wind.

"I want to go to the great forests and see the trees bend and hear them sing.

"Oh, how I do want to hear the trees sing.

"I want to whistle as they sing and though there will be no one around to hear we shall love the music we make.

"The trees of the forest never need an audience. For long years they have sung their songs with no one around to hear. And they have sung just as beautifully as though they were before a large audience.

"In fact they have sung far more beautifully for if they had had an audience they could never have sung so well. The forest trees need their own setting for their voices. Places where there are crowds of people would not do for the forest trees.

"There would not be enough of them, and there would be too many people.

"Oh, I am so wide-awake. I shall start off now, and oh, such a trip as I will have."

So the wide-awake wind went off, and he took long strides across the prairies, and great steps across the tall roofs in the cities and around the city corners.

And he took a tumbling, rolling trip across the ocean, and he took steps across little brooks and lakes and rivers, and then he went to the great forests. And he sang and the trees sang.

And all over, that night the wide-awake wind gave his strange, beautiful, wild, lonely, comforting song to the sleeping world.

THE YELLOW RAG DOLL

SHE was only a little doll, made of yellow rags. But she was very pretty, even though old rags had gone into the making of her.

For they had been pretty rags, bright yellow in color. Very much the same color as a canary's feathers was the color of the little yellow rag doll.

Around her neck she wore a little blue bow—a very, very lovely shade of blue, just about the color of her mother's eyes.

She was not very fat and she was not very tall. If her mother stood her up on the floor, taking hold of her darling little yellow hand, she did not stand up higher than the height of an ordinary sized book.

But she was the most perfect little doll for taking around anywhere, and no one ever objected to having her along.

Sometimes people will object, strange as it may seem, to having dolls always carried along, but the yellow rag doll was never in the way. She never could be in the way.

Even when her mother took her shopping and the

cars were so crowded she was still not in the way. Her mother was not very tall, either, though of course her mother was much, much taller than the size of a book!

Her mother had the bluest of blue eyes and the waviest brown hair, and the softest skin. Her mother's name was Betty.

When Betty went shopping her mother went, too, so that three of them went shopping together—Betty and her mother and the little yellow rag doll.

The little yellow rag doll's name was Nancy. Betty thought Nancy such a pretty name.

Sometimes in the car it would be so crowded that each would sit on each other's lap.

There would be just room for Betty's mother to sit down, and then Betty would sit on her mother's lap and Nancy would sit in Betty's lap.

One day they all went shopping and Nancy fell on the floor, but a kind, kind lady picked her right up and she was not hurt in the least.

Besides her mother kissed her and her mother's mother kissed her, so really a little yellow rag doll could not complain after that.

It was always so nice when Betty's mother kissed her. It seemed quite a special honor as though a queen had kissed her.

Of course they did not spend all their time shopping, as you might think from this.

Sometimes they went to the seashore and sometimes they went off for picnics in the country, where Nancy

took a nap in the warm brown grass which had such a sweet smell and made one feel so much like sleeping.

It made Betty fall asleep, too, and even Betty's mother and Betty's daddy had been known to take naps.

Sometimes they went to the circus. Nancy had already twice seen a circus with her mother.

That, you will admit, is a good deal for a little yellow rag doll.

And Nancy had been to four summer-time parties and five birthday parties and she had met a number of other very nice dolls.

Some of them were more beautiful than she was, but she did not feel uncomfortable for she knew how much her mother loved her and the other mothers and dolls knew it, too.

And that will make up for anything. Even a little yellow rag doll knows this.

Then she had been out coasting and she had been riding in an automobile any number of times and she had even been taken to church, though of course that was not usually allowed.

Still she had behaved very well, but she did not grumble when she was not allowed to go next time for her mother told her that dolls, even darling, adorable dolls did not go to church.

So Nancy lived the happiest kind of a life ever a yellow rag doll could live, and her mother Betty was so proud of her and so happy with her.

From the time when they got up in the morning

until they went to bed at night and Nancy was kissed good night—many, many good nights—they were as happy as ever a doll and a mother doll could be.

And that, as you know, is a great, great deal!

PROUD GROUND HOG

I AM just as proud as can be," said the Ground Hog. "The papers are full of me at this time of the year and whether I have seen my shadow or not or whether I have come out, or not, to look about me. Yes, I am just as proud as I can be. And I deserve to be proud."

"Indeed," said the little Gnome, who was listening to the Ground Hog, "tell me about it."

"There are very few animals or birds or fishes who are talked about as much as I am. In fact none of them are spoken of such a great deal—that is by everyone. And no one creature gets as much notice as I do.

"I appear in the papers every spring."

"Gracious, Ground Hog," said the Gnome, "how do you manage to do that?"

"Well," said the Ground Hog, "of course I do not go into the papers myself. Only the news does that.

"That would be impossible. No creature has ever gone into a newspaper. No creature could ever do that.

"They couldn't sell newspapers with people in them or animals in them.

"That has never been done and never could be done. You see, suppose a newsboy was selling a paper or even a lot of papers and there were a number of us in the paper, we'd drop out and get all mixed up and the boy would be shouting:

" 'Ground Hog, Ground Hog,' instead of 'Extra, Extra,' as he should be shouting.

"That is the reason no creatures themselves ever appear in the papers."

"I am glad to know," said the Gnome. "It is always well to be informed, and to be informed means to be told."

"Of course it does," said the Ground Hog. "A sensible thing for it to mean, too.

"But as I was saying, it isn't every creature who is written about in the paper. Now I make up a good part of the news when the springtime is approaching or on the way, or still backward.

"When the very word spring is mentioned the Ground Hog is thought about.

"They think of me as they do about their spring frocks and their spring bonnets and the flowers they're going to wear on their hats, or the fine straw hats the gentlemen are going to wear.

"In fact they write about me in every paper, and in most of them more than once. Ah, yes, they feel they can't properly do me justice when they write about me only once.

"So they write about me more than once."

"That's good," said the Gnome. "That's a most excellent thing."

"But do you wonder, Gnome, that I feel proud, when I get so much attention every spring? Do you wonder I am flattered to think of how much they all write about me and that which I do is of importance to the world who're interested in hearing the news?

"Do you wonder I feel flattered because of that?"

"Indeed I don't wonder in the least," said the Gnome. "I would feel flattered myself."

"Glad to hear you say so," said the Ground Hog. "Well, Gnome, I would talk to you some more, but I must help make news for those people.

"I am going to take a nap again, and they'll be waiting to see if I do so they can write it up in the papers."

"How obliging you are," said the Gnome.

"True," said the Ground Hog, "I am, but then if the truth were known I'm also a little sleepy."

"Hope you have pleasant dreams," said the Gnome.

"Thanks," said the Ground Hog. "I am sure I will. The dreams of a Ground Hog are very pleasant always. Some day I shall write a book of poetry and call it, 'The Dreams of the Ground Hog, by Himself.'

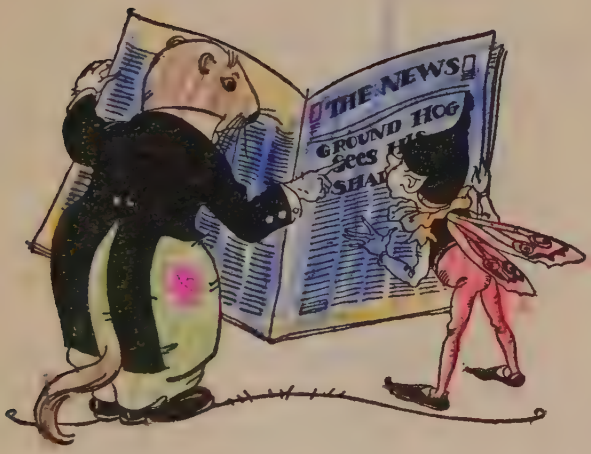
"And when I do," he added, "I will give you a copy and will write on the fly leaf of the book a very sweet message.

"I will say something like this:

" 'Here is a patch of Mother Earth, which is my best way of signing my name. I give this volume of verses

to my friend, the Gnome, hoping he can read them better than I can.'

"Good-bye," ended the Ground Hog, as he hurried off.



SKYSCRAPER FAIRY

FIRST I must tell you what the Skyscraper fairy wore. She wore a dress of the loveliest shade of blue—that shade of blue that comes just before dawn and creeps over the city buildings and any hills that there may be in the distance.

It was made in points, too, points from her skirt, points from her shoulders and the sleeves went off in points.

On her head was a crown that was made of blue, too, only there was just the faintest suggestion of rose in its coloring and there were a few very, very faint, very little, very small stars that you could just see if you looked very closely.

Her home was on the top of the tallest skyscraper in a big city of skyscrapers. She lived there a great deal of the time and she called it her home—though of course she had her Fairyland home, too, and she used to go wandering and visiting a great deal of the time.

She used to go at dusk when the city is beginning to have soft shadows over it so that all its dirt and ugliness disappear, and the bright lights of the city and

the faint lights from the stars and the deep, deep violet shadows take the place of the things that stand out so plainly in the daylight.

But it was not only because the city was so lovely at twilight time and just at sunset time, too, when the great big sun sank down behind the great big city, that the Skyscraper fairy loved it.

It was because then she used to go around to see her many little friends.

She went to visit the children. And she had so many friends among them.

They did not exactly know she was the one who came to see them.

But they knew very often at night how happy they were when they looked out of their city windows and saw the mysterious, wonderful city lights, and heard the strange, muffled sounds of the city streets.

They did not know why such wonderful thoughts came to them then—thoughts they never could express —they did not know quite why they felt so happy and why their imaginations had such a good time without just exactly letting them into the secret.

For the Skyscraper fairy wanted to make them all have as interesting a time as the children who were visited by fairies everywhere else. So every city had its Skyscraper fairy and her workers. The first Skyscraper fairy of all had seen to that.

She knew that back of so many big apartment house buildings with their hundreds of windows and so many

other huge big city places that looked so hard and cold on the outside, were plenty of wonderful children.

And she took them Fairyland thoughts.

At dawn, too, she used to go around and see them as they awoke and made them feel something of the same early morning freshness that they would have felt if they had lived in the country.

Oh, how the Skyscraper fairy knew them.

She knew how they used to go to the big parks in the afternoon to play, she knew how they used to go and visit the zoo.

She knew how they used to go and feed the pigeons and the ducks and the squirrels.

She knew how they used to draw with their pieces of chalk on the stone walks that were in some of the smaller parks where they went.

She used to watch them as they played—then, of course, in true Fairyland style she wore a cloak so dazzling that they could no more have looked at her than they could have looked at the sun.

She loved her city children and she knew how they, too, loved fairies and she loved the city with its big, hard buildings which softened in the afternoon when the sun set, and as the lights came out, and again in the morning when the blue colors rested over the whole, whole city of skyscrapers.

PETER JOHN

THE sun had gone down over the Western plains when little Peter John arrived. They were all waiting for him as they had been told that he was coming. His mother was waiting for him and his daddy was waiting for him, his relatives were waiting for him. And there were little playmates waiting for him, although they hardly knew that they were.

Other babies and other little children smiled as they went to sleep that night, for somehow there was something nice about to happen, although they hardly knew what it was. But they had a feeling that something very wonderful was going to happen. They almost seemed to feel that they were to be happier in the future because they were going to have such a fine friend and playmate in little Peter John.

For when Peter John grew older he would become such a real friend and such a real playmate.

He really couldn't help but become a real friend and a real playmate, for he would be brought up with other fine, jolly children and he would discover how splendid

it was to become a real friend and a real playmate from both his mother and daddy. They knew how to be friends and playmates.

And now it was evening and little Peter John came. How glad his mother and daddy were to see him. His face was quite red with the excitement of arriving and the joy of the welcome that he got, for though it was quite cold when he came he received such a very warm welcome.

It was rather late for Peter John to be up. To be sure, it was only quarter past seven in the evening, and that isn't really so very late at all. But when you're not old at all—when you're so very, very young, even quarter past seven in the evening is late.

But no one said to him that very first night of his arrival:

"Peter John, you must go straight to bed, you're up 'way beyond your bedtime. Now! Not another word. You have sat up quite late enough."

No one said anything like that to him. His very first night in the world he couldn't have such a thing said to him.

Instead they said:

"Oh, Peter John, how very glad we are that you have come."

They knew his name at once, and he knew his name, too. For they had planned on giving him this nice name when they had known that he was about to arrive. They weren't going to call him Peter alone, nor were they going to call him John.

His mother and daddy were always very fair, so when his mother said that she liked the name of Peter and when his father said that he liked the name of John, they both said, almost at once:

"Then he shall be called Peter John."

"Not Peter, mind you, or John," his daddy added, "but always Peter John."

It was quite late that evening when Peter John went to sleep. Really it was astonishingly late for a young gentleman of only a few hours of age to be awake, but when he went to sleep he slept so happily, for, though he did not know it, the fairies and the brownies and the gnomes and Old Witty Witch and Old Mr. Giant came hurrying across the Western plains as fast as ever they could, and stood outside Peter John's window and

sang this song, while the wind whistled the music for the song—the wind that breezed so gayly over the Western plains:

Peter John, we welcome you,
Peter John, we do!
Peter, John, we think you're fine,
Peter John, we do!

Peter John, we cheer for you,
Peter John, we do!
Peter John, we like you so,
Peter John, we do!

Peter John, we sing for you,
Peter John, we do!
Peter John, we think you're great,
Peter John, we do!

GOATS' BREAKFASTS

"WHO wants a good breakfast?" asked old Billy Goat.

"Now what a silly question," said the other goats.

"All right," said Billy. "Call my question silly if you will. I shall have a good breakfast all by myself."

"Then you are nothing but a piggie-pig-pig," said all the goats.

"I am not," said Billy. "I am a goat. You all know that."

"Of course we all know that," said the other goats. "But we meant you acted like a pig in saying you would eat all the breakfast yourself."

"I didn't act like one at all. I haven't eaten all the breakfast yet. It won't be breakfast time until tomorrow morning."

"It could be," said the other goats.

"It could be, perhaps," said Billy. "But then again it couldn't be."

"You are trying to be smart," said the other goats.

"What makes you all say that?" asked Billy.

"Because," said the other goats, "you are saying some-

thing none of us understands. And folks and animals think it is smart to say something no one understands. Then they pretend they know more."

"You sadly misjudge me," said Billy.

"Then explain," said the other goats.

"It's this way," said Billy. "Perhaps to be sure I am silly. Goats have all been thought silly. But that's no disgrace. I'm sure I like to be silly. It's far nicer than being cross or something very mean."

"Good excuse," said the rest of the goats, nodding their heads. "We like to think that. We always shall from this time on."

"And it was quite true to say that perhaps we could have breakfast at any hour and perhaps we couldn't. In most cases we could eat breakfast in the evening, only call it breakfast if we wanted to. But in this case we have to wait for the time that folks consider is breakfast time."

"Why do we have to wait until folks consider it time? What have we to do with folks and what have they to do with us?"

"Ah, you shall hear," said Billy.

All the goats gathered about him and he commenced his story:

"I noticed that yesterday morning all the people who live in those new houses over yonder got bags," and Billy pointed to a row of houses where people had just moved. They were on the outskirts of the village and near where the farmer kept his goats. "They all came out

of their houses and picked up these bags," continued Billy. "The bags were left by the bakery boy."

"What were in the bags?" asked the goats eagerly.

"Rolls," said Billy, wiggling his goatee and winking his right eye.

"Wonderful," said all the other goats.

"Yes," said Billy, "I saw one little girl open the door and take one of the rolls out of the bag and commence eating it. All the people got the same sorts of bags at just about the same time. For the bakery boy stopped at each of those houses."

"Can we get rolls for our breakfasts?" asked the goats.

"Yes," said Billy. "Come with me tomorrow morning when I call you, and we shall get a bag from each of those houses. That will mean a bag apiece! Cheers!"

"But," said one of the goats, "won't the people get them first?"

"No," said Billy, "for they don't come right out to get them and the bags are left on the doorsteps by the front doors."

"Fine," said the goats. And the very next morning each of them had a special treat of a bag of rolls for breakfast, but after that the people in the houses got the rolls first. The goats were happy, though, for they had had one breakfast with a new and wonderful treat!

SIR DAVID DUCK

I PUT my foot down," said Sir David Duck, as he entered the barnyard.

"Why don't you say that you put both feet down, quack, quack?" asked Lady David Duck.

"Because, my dear, that isn't what I mean."

"But it is what you are doing," said Lady David Duck. "Both of your ugly feet are on the ground!"

"Ah, they may be on the ground, but that doesn't mean the same as when I put my foot down. When I put my foot down I mean that I will not allow it. That's what people say to others when they will not allow them to do things.

"They say: 'I put my foot down. You cannot do it.' They do not say: 'I put both feet down.' No, for if they did it wouldn't sound out of the way. It must sound out of the way and different to make it a stern command."

"Oh, Sir David, how amusingly you talk, quack, quack," said Lady David Duck.

"You haven't asked me as yet what I have to say and it is as plain as the nose on my face that I want to say something."

"Whatever do you mean?" quacked Lady David

Duck. "I have no nose on my face and neither have you. What has happened to you?"

"Oh," said Sir David Duck, "that is another expression or saying. I pick these things up."

"It would be better if you picked up food," said Lady David Duck.

"I meant when I said that," explained Sir David, "that it was as plain as the beak on my face that I wanted to tell you about the thing I put my foot down about.

"You see folks use that expression about a thing being as plain as the nose on their face because the nose is plain on everyone's face.

"Well, I've picked up these expressions while I've been picking up food, so don't worry, Lady David Duck. You've not been starved at any time, have you?"

"Oh no, no," she said.

"Well," said Sir David, "you see I must tell you what it is that I put my foot down about.

"I heard some children talking and they said: 'Oh, dear, there is that mean old cloud getting in the way of the sun when we want to sun ourselves after our swim in the pond. Just suppose it would rain, how terrible it would be.'

"Now," continued Sir David Duck, "such talk I cannot allow. In the first place if clouds didn't come once in a while and if rain didn't come there would be no ponds for swimming and paddling in, and all the little streams would dry up.

"And the cloud was letting Mr. Sun rest for a moment. But I cannot allow talk which abuses the clouds or the rain for they all help."

"How are you going to prevent such talk?" asked Lady David Duck.

"By my example," said Sir David Duck. "I will show them how I enjoy swimming and paddling and they will realize what it means to a duck.

"And all the little ducklings will do the same and so will you, will you not?"

"Quack, quack, I will do so too," said Lady David Duck.

"And we'll come off with flying colors," said Sir David Duck.

"Flying colors?" asked Lady David Duck. "Quack, quack, what are flying colors?"

"They are colors of glory," said Sir David.

"What, quack, quack, what is that?" asked Lady David Duck.

"When folks come off with flying colors," said Sir David, "it doesn't mean that they come along with all sorts of different colors flying in the breeze, but it means they come off with honors and with great glory, so the expression is that they come off with flying colors.

"So you see how useful I find many expressions. I put my foot down and will not permit an abuse of the clouds and the rain, and it is as plain as the beak on my face why I will not allow such abuse and the way I can stop such abuse is by my example and then we will

come off with flying colors—meaning that creatures will see that we are right and will congratulate us for the example we have set and will set. Let us all go off now to the pond, quack, quack."

And all the ducks followed Sir David Duck.

SORRY AND GLAD

BACK in the Word World where all the words come from Sorry and Glad were talking together.

"I get so tired of being sorry all the time," said Sorry. "I wish I could be gay once in awhile. I wish I could dance and play and frolic and be merry and bright.

"If I were allowed to get into a dance it would only be in this way—some one might step on another's foot, and then they'd call for Sorry and I'd just come along for a second and then have to get away again.

"I'm always helping people out of their mistakes. I'm always trying to patch up matters.

"Dear me, I hate patching!

"Simply hate it!

"I can't sing or anything like that. If some one makes a wrong note they will call for me. Sorry will have to be on hand.

"If lessons are forgotten about, if books are lost, if mistake after mistake is made Sorry has to come forth again and again.

"But they never want me around when there is any fun.

"Never, never, never."

"That's all very well," said Glad, "and I would really rather be myself than be you.

"But at the same time I get very tired. I get so tired of always having to be so bright and so cheerful and so happy.

"I don't mean I want to be sad. But I somehow have to go around so much of the time with a silly smirk on my word face.

"I get tired of it!

"I'd like to break a window or do something quite desperate once in a while. You've no idea how Glad feels at times.

"But I have to say everything is all right all the time.

"I have to be Glad day in and day out and it gets tiresome.

"When I feel like being quiet then I have to get somewhere and be Glad and smiling and all. I can't have any nice curling-up-on-a-sofa restful time.

"Truly it is very hard to be Glad all the time."

"I see what you mean," said Sorry.

"And I see what you mean, too," said Glad. "But it seems as though Words didn't have the advantages of people.

"Just think! People can be Glad—they can make mistakes and they can be Sorry.

"They can be Gay. They can be Quiet.

"They can be all sorts of things. Each Word can only be one Word.

"But of course we haven't the feelings people have so it probably is fair enough.

"Quite fair enough."

So the two Words joined hands back in Word World and sang this song:

Sorry and Glad are we,
Always the same, you see.
Sorry and Glad we must be,
Doing our work to a T,
For Sorry and Glad are we.

Then they looked at each other and in spite of themselves Sorry was shaking his head and looking sad and Glad was smiling—a smile which seemed to be stuck fast to him!

SAMMY SAUSAGE'S BIRTHDAY

"TOMORROW is my birthday," said Sammy Sausage, "and I hope all my friends and relations will remember the fact. Yes, that I hope and I should think creatures would be ashamed of each other and themselves and would be afraid to look the whole world in the face if they failed to give me a birthday present."

"I don't see," said Master Pink Pig, "why folks are always talking in this way about being able to look the whole world in the face if they have done something fine. And, too, about being ashamed of looking the world in the face when they have done something that isn't honest and isn't fine.

"The whole world never gathers all its people together and then praises up the honest soul or abuses the bad one, does it?" asked Master Pink Pig.

"The whole world doesn't gather all its people together and that isn't what is meant by being able to look the whole world straight in the face or by not being able to look the whole world in the face.

"I will explain it to you," said Sammy Sausage.

"Pretty pleasant before your birthday, humph," grunted Master Pink Pig.

"I will pay no attention to any rudeness," said Sammy. "Instead I will explain to you what is meant when we say someone can look the whole world in the face or that someone else cannot look the whole world in the face.

"The whole world itself hasn't a face. It means the faces of the different people belonging to the world. It doesn't mean that all the people will gather in a row and will stare at you.

"But it means if you're fine and noble and all of that all the people who know you and who hear of you will think well of you and if you are the opposite sort of a creature they will think the opposite of you.

"And it means if you're honest you will dare to look anyone straight in the eyes, you won't look away—for you won't have anything to hide and your look can be very straight."

"Oh, yes," said Master Pink Pig, "I see now. But I don't know that I care so much whether I can look creatures straight in the face or not. I don't care much what sort of a pig I am. I like to be a good pig, but not a good anything else."

There was a pause.

"Well, that's all right," said Sammy Sausage. "That's all pigs can ever hope to be."

"But I mean I like to be a piggy pig," said Master Pink Pig.

And to himself Sammy Sausage grunted. "So do I," but he thought he had better not say such a thing aloud until after the following day.

Again he went around squealing, "Don't forget, friends, tomorrow is my birthday. Please bring me useful presents—things I can eat.

"I don't want any useless things. In these hard times we should be sensible!"

Well, the pigs talked to each other and they wondered what they would give Sammy Sausage on his birthday. They all decided that they supposed they had to give him something.

"Well, many happy returns," squealed Grandfather Porky Pig, the next day as they started to walk in a procession toward Sammy Sausage.

Sammy Sausage was sitting in a corner of the pen, busily eating something.

He looked up and said in a high, squealing voice, "Your wishes are all right, but I hope your presents are better."

Each pig had a little scrap of food for Sammy Sausage's birthday present. They had each brought a large, share of food and as they had brought it along they had decided that it was too much to give and had been eating all the way along until every pig's present was now very small.

"Oh," said Brother Bacon, "there is such a little bit of my present left that I will not give it to Sammy Sausage. It would insult him to give him such a small pres-

ent." So Brother Bacon ate up his present and as he did so every pig followed his example.

"Well, you're a lot of pigs, eating up your own presents," said Sammy Sausage, when he saw what was happening. He tried to stop a few presents from being eaten up, but he hadn't much luck.

"Oh, well," he said, "I, too, was a big pig, for it's not my birthday and I only said so to get presents if I could!"

HALF A YEAR

"HALF a year is enough for me to be up and about," said Mother Hoary Marmot. She was also known as Mrs. Whistler, for the marmots are called whistlers, too.

They well deserve this name, for they can whistle so that they are heard at least a mile away.

Mother Hoary Marmot was twice as heavy as a woodchuck but she looked very much like a woodchuck and was very much like one.

She had three fine little children and as she looked out from her home den she said once more:

"Yes, half a year is enough for me to be up and about."

The three little Marmots looked at their mother and said: "Oh, we will want to sit up longer than that."

"If you want to do that," said Mother Hoary Marmot, "you will be different from any of the rest of us.

"When the time comes I don't believe you will beg to sit up any longer.

"We like to be around for about six months, but then we like to sleep six months—or at least to hide away and rest for the long winter time.

"It is true there is still some snow about here, for it is cold high up on this mountain.

"But yet it is the springtime and it is far warmer than in the winter time, even though it is cool up here.

"We love the mountains and the Far North. We love ice and snow scenery and forests, but we like it during the summer when the sun shines down and when there is some warmth in the air.

"But more than that, in the summer there are all sorts of good things to eat, herbs and delicious little plants of all sorts.

"Oh, we will have a splendid summer eating, my children.

"By the time it is bedtime we will be so fat we will hardly be able to crawl to our dens. But we will be able to crawl there all right!

"And after so much good eating, what a joy it will be to sleep and rest.

"Oh, now you say you will want to sit up longer, but I know you will want to curl up by your mother and will want to sleep later on.

"You won't even want me to tell you stories of what goes on around here or what did go on around here before you were born.

"If I started to tell you at that time you would go to sleep before I had hardly begun my story.

"You must be careful, though, for we have enemies. The eagles are our enemies and so are the lynxes—they are very dangerous.

"Wolves are certainly not our friends. Beware of wolves. When you are out, always be on the watch-out. Sit on the edge of a rocky ledge where you get a good view and where no one can come and attack you unawares.

"Yes, you must be careful. But I feel sure all will be well. And we shall eat and grow fat, oh, so pleasantly fat!

"Ah, it's a beautiful world with its mountains and its glaciers of ice and snow and its forests.

"But half a year is enough for me to be about—then sleep for the rest of the year.

"And then all refreshed for the next summer—and again a sleep for another half year.

"So it goes. But we must be gathering some goodies now."

And off went the little Marmots with their mother to fill their little stomachs with pleasant food.

FAIRYLAND SPRING PARTY

"MY dear, my dear," cried Witty Witch to the Fairy Queen, "the spring is here, the spring is here. I'm so happy all the time, that I sing and talk in rime."

"Welcome, welcome springtime," said the Fairy Queen. "Though," she added after a moment, "we've had spring for some time now. This is really the spring I love best, however, with the soft green leaves coming out, and the grass growing so green and beautiful."

"It's too lovely for words," said Witty Witch, "and yet we must use words when we love anything. They're all we have to use."

"Dear me," said the Fairy Queen, "why not have a concert? We can sing and have the Fairies' orchestra."

"Splendid idea," said Witty Witch. "Now, where's my old friend, Mr. Giant? We must talk over plans with him."

"Little South Wind," said the Fairy Queen, as she waved her wand, and the South Wind paused for a moment and whispered as it rustled around the Fairy Queen.

"What is it thou wouldst have me do for thee?"

"Will you whisper to all the fairies, elves, goblins, gnomes, bogey family, the birds and Mr. Sun that we are going to give a welcoming concert to the spring this afternoon?"

"I'll do as you ask," said the South Wind, and gently the breezes began to blow, and the Fairy Queen knew that the South Wind was doing as she had asked.

"I must get to work," she said.

"So must I," said Witty Witch, "and we shall have the party here, eh?—right in front of this mossy patch."

The Fairy Queen nodded, and Mr. Giant, who had joined them, thought the spot was quite perfect for the concert.

They went off in different directions, full of plans, but the Fairy Queen told Ybab, who led the fairies' orchestra, to be sure to get the birds to come, too, for she said the spring wouldn't be spring without the birds.

It was afternoon, and the Fairy Queen was seated upon a throne made of moss and violets. She wore a beautiful robe made of violets and her crown was of maiden hair ferns with little star flowers decorating it here and there. Her wand was covered with star flowers.

The elves and gnomes and goblins and other fairies and guests all came in new spring frocks of lovely greens and delicate pinks, and bright blues, and soft, wondrous yellows.

"Ah, how lovely you all are," said the Fairy Queen. "And soon the concert will begin."

No sooner had she said this than from all the trees around up jumped many, many birds. They had been crouching as low as possible so as to escape being seen. They thought this would be such a surprise, and indeed it was!

They sang at once as Fairy Ybab appeared on a mossy mound and waved her little moss-covered stick, which she used for keeping time.

All the fairies who were in the orchestra played the different instruments, but the woodpeckers beat the drums, for they like such work.

The fairies in the orchestra and Ybab wore bright golden robes and crowns of gold. Such songs as the birds sang and how the fairies played!

Soon there came the sound of a trumpet and then another sound of the trumpet. Everybody listened and looked, and in a moment from out of the woods came old Mr. Giant dressed as the spring.

His suit was made of new green grass, his tall hat, which made him look more enormous than ever, was of green moss, and growing out of the moss were violets and many other wild spring flowers, while growing out of the grass were tulips and even little dandelions!

Behind him came Witty Witch, and what do you suppose she wore? She was dressed to look like the sun, and she was supposed to be the summer—following the spring.

How they all enjoyed this surprise, and how Mr. Sun beamed and smiled when he saw Witty Witch. And as

at last he had to go to bed he said: "It has been fine to be a guest at a concert-surprise party like this."

And they all thanked him, and agreed that it had been a huge success.

APRIL'S LAST DAY

APRIL was smiling, smiling, and chuckling and laughing and Mother Nature said to her:

"April why are you smiling and chuckling and laughing as though you had something up your sleeve, as the saying is?"

"Ah, Mother Nature, I have a little last prank to play on the people.

"Yes, I have another little joke before I leave and before Mistress May comes dancing along with her sunny, flowery dress and the blossoms in her hair.

"Yes, just one little joke has April before then. And tomorrow is my time."

"You haven't a great deal of time," said Mother Nature, "for tomorrow is your last day for this year.

"If you do not have your little joke very soon you will have to wait a whole year."

"Ah yes, I know," said April. "But I will have time for my joke."

"Are you going to tell Mother Nature what it is?"

"Come close, so I can whisper," April said.

And Mother Nature bent close to April and it seemed

as though there was a feeling in the air of perfume and of sunshine and of showers all blended together.

"That will be a joke," Mother Nature said, when April had finished.

"Yes," said April, "I thought I'd have a lot of fun that way."

And then as April and Mother Nature were talking Mr. Sun put on his birthday robe of scarlet-red and said:

"Well, I must be off to bed for tomorrow I must be up bright and early and not oversleep.

"Just suppose he should say:

" 'I think I'll take about ten minutes more, or maybe a half an hour.'

"No, Mr. Sun must get up when he is expected to get up. He can't lie abed and take little extra naps whenever he feels like it.

"So I must be off now."

And gathering his beautiful robe about him Mr. Sun sank slowly behind the hill, down, down to his soft, soft couch below.

The Sun fairies came out in red dresses and purple dresses and soft lavender dresses and dark, dark-blue dresses and others in flame-colored dresses and some in crimson dresses.

And all along the sky they danced—the most beautiful dancing you ever saw.

After a time it was quite dark and the people had gone to bed saying:

"It looked from the sun tonight as though we'd have a

fine day tomorrow, and the paper says it will be fair all day."

And April chuckled.

The morning came. The sun was shining brightly.

And still April chuckled.

For then she began her joking! Although everyone had thought there was no chance of rain, April sent down to the earth some of her best Joke-showers. And then she would let the sun come out and the people would say:

"It was only a little shower, it has all cleared off again."

And yet again would April play the same trick.

All that last day of hers she played at April showers and Mother Nature laughed and said:

"April is a bit naughty, but dear me, how I love her!"

THE RAIN DROPS' PLAY

THE Mist grandchildren of old King of the Clouds had gone to bed. Sometimes they were allowed to sit up late, but they had been up late so often lately and so many people had complained of them that the King of the Clouds had said:

"Back to rules, my dears, back to rules. Not that I care, but then we'll be obliging. And I don't like to hear people say, 'Children aren't what they used to be in my day.'

"They complain that the children are given too many privileges and are allowed to sit up too late and allowed too many parties.

"Of course, they may not have had you in mind, Mist grandchildren, but there's no telling."

So the Mist grandchildren had gone to bed. But not the Rain Drop children. They had been allowed to sit up late. They had been having a wonderful day.

They had been afraid that they would be sent to bed early so the latter part of the afternoon they had played as furiously and as quickly as they knew how.

You could have told, had you seen them, that they were just hurrying in as much playtime as they could, rushing and running races for all they were worth.

They had been allowed to play on the city roofs as well as on the pavements.

They had considered themselves lucky. To them the roofs of the city were like attics or garrets are to many children. And the pavements were jolly as it was really fun to play right in the street.

But best of all were the roofs. They were so filled with chimneys and little towers and doors which led down into the house, and skylights and all other sorts of interesting objects.

Then the roofs were so nice and smooth and to race across them was so exciting.

The Rain Drops drew themselves out into great, long, thin sheets of rain as they spread themselves for the races. Then they tore across the roofs, one after the other. Clouds of gray dashed across the sky trying to keep up with them as they watched them below, for they thought they should surely keep up with the Rain Drops.

At one time they almost became tired out and the sun peeped faintly through a lighter cloud, but once again the fun began and the races started all over again.

Children watched, from windows, the races on lower roofs, but some of the races were not seen at all.

The old King of the Clouds was saying:

"Now, one to get ready, two to get started, AND THREE TO GO!"

They would start at one end and rush madly, sweepingly across and then start all over again without any delay.

But after it was evening and they were allowed to sit up beyond their bedtime they had a party. The fairies all came. Maybe, sometime, if you, too, sit up a little later on a rainy night you will see lights twinkling in the rain and shining on the pavements and roadways, and great long reflections of lights.

Maybe you will think it is all very unusually pretty, but you should know that it is more than that. Those radiant, gleaming, long twinkling lights and the many reflections are the floating, rain-covered garments of the rain fairies who come out when the Rain Drops are allowed to sit up overtime at night in the city.

And the faint music you hear, the murmuring swishing that is more than just the sound of the rain, is that of the fairies singing to the music of the Fairies' Orchestra led by Fairy Ybab. This is their song:

Music, music, music,
  In the evening rain,
Sing the soft notes over
  Again and yet again!

LOBSTER AND FROG

"THE bathtub is all right for me," said the lobster.

"I don't ask for anything else," said the frog.

"By the way," the frog added, "are you always as red as you are now?"

"Not always by any manner of means," said the lobster. "That is, of course, I am always the same, but real lobsters are green when they are about the coasts.

"When they are cooked they become red.

"But of course I am not a real lobster."

"Nor am I a real frog," said the frog.

"Do you mind?" asked the lobster.

"Not a bit," said the frog. "I feel just the same about this as I do about not minding that I only have a tub as my home.

"In fact, I'm only in the tub at times. I don't even live in the tub all the time.

"I live on the side of the tub. But I don't mind."

"I only live on the side of the tub, too," said the lobster, "but I don't object.

"And I never meet another lobster friend. I only meet you, but I don't mind."

"I never meet another frog, nor even a lily pad, nor even a stump, nor even a bug, but I don't mind."

"If the boy feels very tired, or for some reason or other doesn't take his bath then we don't get into the tub," said the lobster.

"It all depends on the boy," said the frog. "Sometimes I have fallen down from the side of the tub and landed in the tub, but the tub has been empty.

"Not that it really made any difference.

"Had it been filled with water I would have floated. As it was, I just bumped down and stayed there until I was picked up.

"I wasn't hurt. I was all right."

"I've done that myself," said the lobster, "but I never was hurt doing it. I've just lost my balance, that's all."

"Oh, here comes the boy about to fill the tub with water," the frog said.

"Not much water in the tub as yet," said the lobster, "but it will fill up.

"It won't take long. In fact, I'm sometimes afraid it will run over. The boy leaves it running so long. He says it will run out of the little holes near the top, but sometimes I get a bit nervous."

"Oh, see," said the frog, "he has put two leaves in the tub.

"But it doesn't make any difference to me."

"None to me," said the lobster.

Then the boy came and tried to put the little toy red lobster on one leaf and the little toy green frog on another leaf, but they kept floating about and getting off their leaves.

He got the frog against the side of the tub where the running water wasn't stirring things up so much and the frog stayed still upon his leaf, but the lobster was still floating about away from the other leaf.

"A bit of excitement tonight," said the frog.

"Yes," said the lobster, "but I don't seem to know how to play the leaf game.

"You're more at home on the leaf than I would be. In fact, you really look far more at home in this tub than I do, somehow."

"Oh, don't be discouraged," said the frog.

"I keep bright," the lobster said. "I keep bright, even if I am only a toy lobster in a tub of bathing water."

SCISSORS

THE scissors were broken. They were lying side by side on the library table. Later some one was coming to get them so as to mend them.

But now they were just waiting. They had nothing to do, absolutely nothing.

They couldn't even look forward to doing anything until they were mended.

"It serves us right, I suppose," said one half of the scissors.

"I suppose so," said the second half.

For convenience and ease we shall call them Scissors One and Scissors Two, although you will remember that they were each part of the same pair of scissors.

"But that doesn't make it any easier," said Scissors One.

"No," said Scissors Two, "not a bit."

"I don't know who started it," said Scissors One.

"We both seemed to begin it at the same time," said Scissors Two.

"Yes," said Scissors One, "and we each tried to be a

little separate and different from each other and tried to show we could get along without each other.

"Now, here we are."

"Well," said Scissors Two, "no one could help but understand how it really is if they could see us.

"If they could see us lying here so helpless they would know, if they didn't anyway, that one part of the scissors is just as useful as the other part. They would know that both of us were needed if they did not know that anyway.

"Oh yes, there you boasted and said you were more important than I.

"And I boasted and said I was more important than you.

"Then we broke. We separated. And now neither of us can cut anything without the other.

"We are absolutely helpless and useless. We are entirely and completely idle.

"Nothing could be more idle than I am, nor than you are.

"We certainly show, as we lie here by each other, how much we need each other."

"Yes," said Scissors One, "and yet I said that I was the first to cut anything and that I was more important than you.

"I said I was sharper and that you were duller. But without you I am not able to do anything.

"Never did I feel so foolish as I do now—a useless half of a pair of scissors."

"Certainly we were meant to be a pair," said Scissors Two, "and not separate articles. I suppose and hope they will come along soon and take us away and have us mended.

"It will be nice to be a real pair again, friendly and ready to work together."

"Never," said Scissors One, "will I boast again about being better than you."

"Never," said Scissors Two, "will I boast again about being better than you."

"I will, whenever I feel like boasting, think of this time," said Scissors One, "when I was lying here on the library table, quite, quite useless by myself."

"That is what I will remember if ever I start to boast in the future, or feel like boasting," said Scissors Two.

Then some one came along and took the two parts of the pair of scissors and said:

"Yes, these will have to be mended. As they are now they certainly are of no use!"

THE POOR DRESS

"OH, dear," said the dress, "I feel so sad."

Now the dress was hanging up in the closet. Beside it were a number of other clothes. There was a best party dress and an old apron, an old coat and a good coat, and a scarf and a hat and several other things.

"What is the trouble?" asked the party dress.

"I am hated," said the dress, "and it makes me feel so sad."

"You're hated," said the party dress. "That is too bad, too bad."

And the party dress drooped just a little and the rosette which was on its left shoulder looked, for the moment, rather crushed.

Then the party dress spoke.

"That's a shame, a perfect shame," said the party dress. "It is dreadful to be hated."

"Oh, yes," said the other dress, "it isn't nice. But it is not only for myself that I feel sad. I feel sad for my little owner.

"You see she goes to school, and I am her school dress.

"It is true I'm a plain dress.

"I was her best Sunday dress last year, though.

"I was worn to parties, too, just as you are now, Party Dress."

"Dear me," said the party dress, "will I be hated next year?"

"I hope not for your sake," said the plain dress. "I hope she will feel differently by then.

"I don't altogether blame her," the plain dress continued. "It is hard for her, but it is hard for the grown-ups, too.

"I seem to be getting ahead of my story, though, don't I?"

"You do," said the party dress.

"Well," said the plain dress, "in school the children look at her—and that means at me, too, for she is wearing me—and they look at us with their noses in the air, or with a mean kind of pity.

"They have better dresses and they frill themselves up and look very dressy and really quite rich and superior; that is, they look superior as far as the dresses go.

"There's nothing superior about their turned-up noses and their mean, snobbish ways.

"They sometimes make rude speeches.

" 'Dear me,' one of them will say, 'is that the only dress you own? My mother bought me a new dress only yesterday and that is the third one I've had this year.'

"I can feel then how my owner feels. She feels poor and looked down upon, and sometimes she comes home

and begs her mother for a new dress. She has even asked to wear you to school and then have another party, best dress.

"But her mother says it is silly for a little girl to let other little girls make her feel sad. She tells her it is no disgrace not to have lots and lots of clothes. She tells her that clothes don't make happiness and that she should be above the mean speeches of her so-called friends.

"Her mother talks to her so sensibly.

"But tonight—after a hard day for my dear little owner suffered today when three children went into a corner of the school cloakroom and giggled and pointed and made remarks about me—but tonight," the plain dress repeated, "I heard the mother and the father talking.

" 'I told her,' the mother said, 'that it was silly of her to feel sad, but oh, I know how the child suffers. It is dreadful to think other children can be so cruel.'

" 'But,' the father answered, 'if she showed them she didn't mind it they'd soon give up teasing. Still—it is hard—but I can't afford anything extra, I'm afraid, not even for the material.'

"And the parents both looked at each other and their eyes were sad. I was out upon the chair then, after my owner had gone to bed, and then the mother came and put me away and as she did so a tear fell upon me.

"Oh, party dress, I wish schools would make rules so that only a middy-blouse costume or sailor suit or a sort

of Girl Scout uniform, or some plain dress would be the only thing allowed. It would save many a sad feeling and it would make everyone see that clothes didn't make a good time."

PLAY HISTORY

FRANCES had a dream. It was a beautiful dream and while she was dreaming it she did not know that it was a dream at all.

It seemed like reality. It seemed quite real. It did not seem as though it could be a dream so real did it seem.

She went to bed one night after having worked hard over her history lesson for the next day.

She had been tired and sleepy and it had been hard to think about her history lesson.

She had felt far more like looking at a book with jolly stories and beautiful pictures than like studying. Yet the next day in school the teacher would not ask any questions about the book with the jolly stories and the beautiful pictures but would ask questions from the history book.

She would be asked the names of kings and what important things they had done and she would be asked to give a whole list of dates.

She would be asked about important steps that had been taken by the leaders of the countries.

It was to be a review of a great deal of history they had studied.

So she had tried to do her history, even though she had felt so tired and sleepy, and even though it would have been so much easier to look at the book with the jolly stories and the beautiful pictures.

She had not wanted to appear in class on the next morning and not be able to answer a single question.

She was afraid if she didn't look over her history book pretty thoroughly that would be the case.

So she had studied, but it had been hard. There were so many important events to have to remember and so many dates and it was so easy to get them all mixed up.

There were all sorts of signed treaties she would have to know about and all kinds of changes of governments and so many big, dull facts to keep in her head.

At least they seemed dull to her when she wanted to look at the jolly stories with the beautiful pictures in the big book she had recently been given.

That would not have been hard to do when she was tired and sleepy.

Then she had the dream, the beautiful dream that seemed so real.

She dreamed that she was meeting all sorts of kings and queens and presidents and high-up secretaries and statesmen and important people.

They were all the people she had been studying about and they all came toward her and said,

"Come with us, Frances."

She had been a little afraid at first for she had been afraid they would ask even more questions than she could answer in spite of all her studying. She began by saying to one:

"I know you. You are famous for—"

But they all gave a great shout and interrupted her:

"We're going to change history," they said. "We're going to be famous for nothing hereafter but the fine ideas we have for new games to be played, for new amusements, for new toys, and new ways of having fun.

"You needn't bother about any history any more. From now on every character that is bound to go in a history book later is just going to be jolly and full of fun and ideas of that sort, and not do anything that is famous as history has always regarded fame."

She thought this a grand idea. She went along with the great crowd of history people and they led her to a huge square where there was the most gigantic bonfire being started.

"We're burning up all the dates," they said. "The dates will be lost forever. You never need remember another date."

Oh, what a pleasant dream it had been, what a jolly foolish, pleasant dream!

DESSERT AND DESERT

"I NEVER can remember whether you spell dessert that you have as the last part of the dinner with one S or with two," said Melly.

"I've looked it up again and again, and I think I will remember, and then I don't.

"I know that the dessert you eat and the desert that is a forsaken kind of wilderness are spelled differently. One has one S and the other two. But I always forget which is which.

"I just can't seem to remember."

Melly was talking in this way to herself as she began to write a composition.

She was going to write a composition about Desserts—the kind you eat at the end of a meal. She thought she could write a nice composition about them. They were such nice things, desserts.

She could write quite a long composition on this subject, as there were so many desserts.

There were all the different kinds of ice cream and puddings and cakes and pies.

But it was so hard to remember how to spell the word,

and now that she had written it one way it looked wrong.

She changed it and still it didn't look correct.

This was very confusing.

Now she had spelled it in both ways, and one was right, she knew, and neither looked right.

Oh dear, she would have to go and get down the big dictionary and look it up again.

She was just about to do that when upon the paper in front of her appeared a little round person who wore a most extraordinary and unusual suit.

It was made of dark blue material, but it was covered with patches of different letters. There were double Ms, and two Ts and a single S and odd letters here and there.

His hat was like a broad-brimmed sailor hat with a ribbon around it, and when Melly looked to see what ship's ribbon he was wearing, she noticed it hadn't the name of a ship upon it at all.

At least she was just about certain it was not the name of any ship, for upon the ribbon was lettered in gold the following: S. S. Spelling.

Of course Spelling might be the name of a boat, but she, somehow, didn't think so. S. S. stood for steamship. She knew that. Yet it was difficult to understand whether it meant a boat in this case or not.

"You don't know who I am," said the little person, "but I will tell you. I wear my name on my hat. It's my

"My name is S. S. Spelling: Simply Superior Spelling."

own name, not the name of a ship, as so many think at first, when they see the S. S. on it.

"My name is S. S. Spelling. My whole name is Simply Superior Spelling.

"Sometimes Daddy Dictionary calls me Simply, and Sometimes Mother Alphabet calls me Superior. But usually they just call me S. S. Spelling.

"You notice that I carry around an extra supply of letters, and some single ones. So when people say, 'I wonder if there is one S or two in that word,' if I happen to be around I just hand them out a single S or a pair, depending upon what they need.

"Now I can see you're puzzled, and it wouldn't do to hand you out a single S or a double S, as you'd forget again. So I'll tell you a little secret.

"Whenever you start to write the word desert and mean a desert, that is, a wilderness or waste land or place without much vegetation, just say to yourself that a desert hasn't much in it, anyway, and so the correct way to spell it is with only one S.

"Then when you go to write dessert, meaning the last course of dinner, say to yourself that dessert has plenty of good things in it to make it taste delicious, and so you will put SS into that word.

"In this way I think you will always remember."

Little S. S. Spelling had gone. But Melly remembered.

It was such a simple thing now.

"Only one S when it's a desert—not much of anything in it! And two when it's the last course of a dinner, for dessert has plenty in it. Oh, I'll remember that, all right," she said.

THE CHINA BOY

THERE he always stood in the kitchen—that little china boy.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he hung in the kitchen. For a nail kept him safely upon the wall, looking down over the kitchen stove.

He wore a big yellow hat—a hat such as fine old gentlemen wore many years ago.

It was of a nice yellow shade.

His suit was of blue, and around his neck was a white ruffled collar.

He wore white socks and little bright-red shoes. And he sat upon a pale-yellow basket.

He sat in the center and on either side were places for matches.

On one side were matches which had been used, and on the other side were matches which had never been used, but which would be taken for lighting the stove.

And all of him was china. His shoes and his ruffled collar and his suit and his hat and his face and the basket upon which he sat were all made of china.

He had been in the family for many, many years. But he still was only a little boy.

Of course he was only china and so he never grew up. He had seen others grow up.

There had been the little girl, Dolly. She had grown up and was a lady now and there was another little girl who called Dolly "mother."

This little girl loved the china boy, as Dolly had loved him. He had always been a favorite.

And why wouldn't he be a favorite?

He was just as pleasant and friendly a little china boy as ever you'd hope to see.

He had a most delightful expression which was something between a smile and a look of friendliness.

Then he had seen other little boys and girls grow up. The boys had big deep voices now. And they talked of things which he could not understand at all.

They talked of "business" and "the store" and "the office" and whether "business was good" or whether "business was not so good."

Splendid things about which to talk the little china boy thought, only he could not understand them very well.

Still, it made no difference. No one expected him to understand. They did not seem to think any the less of him because he could not understand.

And when the children talked about arithmetic and spelling they did not seem to think he was stupid because he couldn't spell and because he couldn't do sums.

All his little china life he had heard about sums and spelling and lessons and business, but none of all that could he understand.

He knew that he was very contented in his little basket seat upon the wall.

He knew that when the match was struck and the fire lighted good things were made upon the stove.

Pleasant odors of good things to eat came up to his little china nostrils.

But that was what he cared about—the odors. He did not need food.

The little red cheeks he had would not become pale because he did not eat.

No, they would stay as bright as ever. He did not need food.

Once in a while he had a beautiful bath, for the smoke and the dirt from the stove had a habit of coming up and settling upon him as though he were their home!

But after a bath how shiny and lovely he did look. His clothes never became shabby.

He had worn the same suit for many, many, many years, but there were no patches upon it and it still looked as fresh and nice as ever.

Often the different members of the family praised him.

"What a comfort he is," they would say. "We always know where to get matches."

And the little china boy looked at them in his pleased china fashion.

POOR PORRIDGE

"I WISH," said the porridge as it waited in the double boiler on the stove, to be put into porridge dishes, "that I were ice cream."

"Then," said the coffee simmering at one side of the stove, "you wouldn't be here of a morning."

"Maybe not," said the porridge, "but I'd be better liked.

"You see I'm substantial and sensible and healthy and wholesome.

"Now, all those things are very excellent things to be, but they don't exactly excite any one to a high pitch of delight and happiness.

"I am put on the night before as a general thing, you know, and I cook slowly while I hear what is going on.

"If there is going to be ice cream there is a great deal of excitement.

"'Oh, we're going to have ice cream,' everyone shouts as soon as the news gets about.

"But they never act that way about me. I'm respected but I'm not loved.

"Sometimes they speak of me as Old Oatmeal, or something equally harsh.

"Oh, I'd be so happy if once I could hear some one shout with delight at seeing me and jump up and down and say:

" 'Oh, goody, goody, goody, porridge for breakfast.'

"That would delight me."

"Well," said the coffee, "there is a great deal of truth in what you say, but we can't all be the gay excitements of life such as ice cream and cake and those jolly foods.

"But we warm people up and make them feel like work."

"I'd rather make them feel like play," the porridge pouted.

"You make a child have the strength to sit all morning in the classroom."

"I'd rather make a child ill with eating too much of me than always doing such worthy things right through my porridge life," the porridge protested.

"I know I'm sensible. I know I'm needed. I know I'm very helpful.

"But I'd like to feel I had more attraction. I'd like to feel I was a treat.

"That's it. I never feel as though I were a treat.

"And that's natural enough, for I never am a treat. I think I shall have to make the best of it, though.

"It's silly to worry about something one can't help. I can't help it if I'm porridge instead of ice cream."

"You're worrying very foolishly," said the coffee.

"You are that," said the scrambled eggs.

"You are that," said the toast.

"You are that," said the orange juice, waiting on the kitchen table, not far from where the objects upon the stove were talking.

A boy rushed into the kitchen followed by his sister.

"Oooo," he said, "doesn't breakfast smell good! When will it be ready, mamma?"

"Almost right away," said his mother.

"Oooo, goody," said the sister.

The things upon the stove all made pleasant little sounds to show how pleased they were.

"Did you hear that?" whispered the coffee.

"Did you hear that?" whispered the scrambled eggs.

"Did you hear that?" whispered the toast.

"Did you hear that?" whispered the orange juice.

"I'm really happy now," the porridge said. "No longer shall I call myself poor porridge.

"I shall call myself proud porridge instead."

SOMEONE, THE GNOME

"I JUST don't know what happened to it," said little Mahalia.

"Not knowing what you mean by 'it'." said a voice, "I'm afraid I cannot help you."

"Oh, who are you?" asked Mahalia.

"I'm Someone," said the voice.

"Well, that's nothing," said Mahalia. "Everyone is Someone. It's nothing to be Someone. You have to be someone in particular in order to be something."

"Then," said the voice, "you think it is more important to be Something than to be Someone."

"Of course," answered Mahalia.

"Well, I don't," said the voice. "So it seems as though we would have an argument and I doubt if we will have time for an argument and to find what you want to find."

Mahalia was quite fond of an argument, and so she did not mind if she didn't look for the thing she was wondering about.

"I could argue better," said Mahalia, "if I could see you."

"Good! Then you are ready for an argument at any rate," said the voice, and just then there appeared a little gnome with bright, big eyes and dark, dark brown hair, wearing a green suit with gold buttons and a green cap.

"You see I am Someone," said the Gnome. "In fact Someone is my name. Now to be something is just to be an object, but to be Someone is to be a creature of some kind or another."

"Oh, yes," said Mahalia, "but if you're only Someone you aren't really of so much importance as though you were Someone in particular."

"That's where you make such a mistake, such a great mistake," said the Gnome.

"You see if I were just someone in particular I might be a particular person named Lucy, or Henrietta, or Alice, or Ione, or Ruth, or Caroline, or Billy, or Bobby, or Sam, or Pat.

"As it is I am Someone and that's my name. Maybe you have heard people when they have said, 'Someone must know.'

"Do you know that they are speaking about me when they say that? They may not know it themselves, but that is of little account.

"I know it and all the fairies know it and so do the Gnomes and the Brownies and that's more important.

"When you hear people say, 'Someone must understand, but I don't,' they mean me.

"When people say, 'Someone may be able to do all

these lessons but I can't' they mean me, for lessons are of no trouble to me.

"No trouble at all. That's why I don't have to bother about them. So you see I was right, don't you?"

"Well, I'm not so sure," said Mahalia.

"Ah, ha," laughed the Gnome. "That's the way to argue. Never admit you're wrong and you can feel partly right!

"But now that I think I've won the argument, what was it you were looking for? I do love a jolly argument where no one gets cross.

"I wondered what had become of the last hour. I looked at the clock and it was a whole hour later than I thought it should be."

"Ah, there is where Someone can help you too. That hour never got lost as you may think.

"No hour ever got really lost. There has always been Someone or even many to see that an hour never entirely got lost.

"Some may be wasting the hour or letting it slip by, or not realizing that it has passed, but not a single hour ever lost its way."

CHANGING FACES

MELLY was very tired of her face.

She used to make-believe sometimes that the next time she looked in the glass she would see another face there.

Of course she wanted the other face to belong to her. She did not want it to belong to someone who might be standing beside her.

She just thought it would be so nice and such a pleasant change to have a new face.

She thought: If only one could change faces the way one changed hats.

For instance in the springtime she would choose a face that was very pretty and dainty. She would have golden curls about her face and they would blow a little in the breeze but not so that they became stringy or untidy looking.

Her face in the spring would have a faint, pretty pink-and-white color.

In the summer she would choose a face that was more like the month of August. It would be almost a golden face.

The hair would be flaxen in color and the face would be sunburned but a rich, beautiful sunburn, all smooth and even and glowing.

There would be no freckles on such a face, and no violent red sunburn in one place and pale in another. It would be an even face.

In the autumn she would choose a face with auburn-brown hair about it and coloring that was like the red of a wonderful apple.

In the winter she would choose a face with black hair, and upon such hair she would wear a snow-white, fluffy skating cap. Such hair would never blow down and around untidily but would look soft and smooth.

And the face that went with that hair would be something like the autumn face only without any sunburn at all, and only a bright, smooth, vivid color.

Those were the faces she would choose if she had her way.

She was so very tired of her own face. Every time she got dressed or looked at herself it was always the same.

It wasn't an ugly face, but it wasn't a beautiful face.

It wasn't even pretty.

It was the kind of a face that people just had—without any special reason, thought Melly.

Sometimes she thought it would be nice, too, to be able to get new expressions to go with faces, just as one got new ribbons to put on old hats.

For instance, one day she could choose a sad and

mournful and interesting expression and another day she could choose a bright and sparkling expression.

But one night she had a dream and she had a new and lovely face.

Oh, what a lovely face it was. But no one recognized her. Everyone refused to believe that it was Melly. They said it couldn't be for it hadn't Melly's dear eyes and Melly's funny, big mouth, or her soft, pretty, untidy hair, and that it just wasn't Melly.

She was miserable trying to tell them that she had got a new face.

It didn't seem to mean anything at all. They didn't look at her as they had always looked at her before.

And then she had her own face again, and they looked at her as they always had. It seemed that they loved her face as it was.

THE PARTY CHAIR

DEAR me," said the Little Brown Chair, "I'm tired. I've had a gay week I can tell you."

"Lots of games? Lots of parties? Lots of exercise?" asked Peter Gnome, who had come along with the Dreamland King to give a few very jolly and very funny and very pleasant dreams to all the children who lived in the city apartment house.

"My dear Peter Gnome," said the Little Brown Chair, "it has not just been what has been going on here. I have been out so much."

"Out?" asked Peter Gnome. "Out?" he repeated. "You don't mean to tell me you've been out?

"Mercy me, but you are gay."

"Yes," said the Little Brown Chair, "I am gay. And I'm tired, but this coming week will be quiet and so I can rest. I must tell you about this past week, though.

"You see, I'm a small chair. I'm not so very low. I'm about as high as the average dining-room chair, or very nearly as high.

"But I'm not nearly so wide and yet a whole person can sit on me with perfect ease.

"I'm an old chair but I'm not old enough, it would seem, to be valuable for my age, nor am I young enough to be considered a new chair.

"I'm beginning to 'go' a little bit as at times very heavy people have sat in me, and of course I'm not a big, strong chair.

"For the average person I do nicely. But I must tell you about my gay week.

"You see, the people who live in these apartment houses haven't any too much room. They have hospitable feelings and they try to stretch their apartments just as much as they possibly can. They ask as many people to a party as they can manage to squeeze around a table.

"Well, the regular dining-room chairs are used, but when one of the neighbors is giving a party instead of borrowing a neighboring dining-room chair a small chair such as I am, is borrowed.

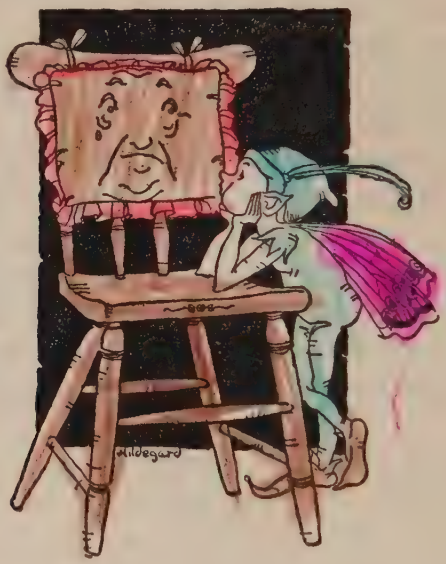
"A dining-room chair wouldn't get in when it becomes crowded. But I can squeeze in.

"So they choose me, as, you see, it is as I said, those who live in the apartments want to have as many as they can at parties.

"So, when Caroline gives a party I go in there. When Lucy gives a party I go in there.

"And when there is a party at home I am drawn up by the table along with the rest.

"There are two small-sized white chairs in Caroline's apartment and they come in here when we give a party. They are about the same height as dining-room chairs but not so wide.



"Then there is a little dark chair from Lucy's that comes in here, or goes in to Caroline's, depending on who is having the party.

"When I go to Caroline's I see all their chairs and the chair from Lucy's, and when I go to Lucy's I see two of the chairs from Caroline's, and I see them all when we give a party here.

"We've grown to know each other pretty well, we chairs.

"But this week has been gay for we've all had parties this week, and that is unusual for us all to have parties during the same week.

"And I've been away three times—yes, for Caroline had two parties!

"It seems to me that life is just one round of ice cream, cake, favors, pretty dresses, shy boys and neighboring chairs."

And Peter Gnome said he was going to tell them in Fairyland about the gay party chair.

MAGGIE'S TWO FEET

IT'S absurd," said Maggie's right foot. "I think it is really absurd."

"Perfectly absurd," said Maggie's left foot.

"I don't know why she treats us as she does," said Maggie's right foot.

"I don't understand it," said Maggie's left foot.

"You'd think she was ashamed of us," said Maggie's right foot.

"You'd almost think that," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"And yet we're very nice," said Maggie's right foot.

"I don't see anything the matter with us," said Maggie's left foot.

"If we were horribly big it might be different," said Maggie's right foot.

"Or of an ugly shape," said Maggie's left foot.

"If I caused her pain it might be different," said Maggie's right foot.

"Or if I did more than itch just a wee scrap when it's going to rain," said Maggie's left foot, "it would be different."

"But neither of us causes her any trouble whatever," said Maggie's right foot.

"None at all," said Maggie's left foot.

"And think of all we do for her!" said Maggie's right foot.

"Of course," said Maggie's left foot. "Why, she would never get to school or home for lunch or out to play, or to pick the apples on the old apple tree in the yard if it weren't for me."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she wouldn't be able to go down the garden path and pick the flowers."

"And for me," said Maggie's left foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she would never be able to go up street and have a dish of ice cream when she's hot."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she would not be able to go in wading."

"And for me," said Maggie's left foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she wouldn't be able to go up the hill in the winter so she could coast down it again."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"Yet she spoke as if we were not a part of her," said Maggie's right foot.

"That's the way she spoke," said Maggie's left foot.

"She said that she wasn't in the least bit cold," said Maggie's right foot, "not in the least scrap cold."

"But that only her feet were cold—that she wasn't cold in the least," said Maggie's left foot.

"Just as though we didn't actually belong to her and weren't a part of her," said Maggie's right foot.

"Too bad," said Maggie's left foot.

"Too bad," agreed Maggie's right foot.

Just then Maggie who had been taking a nap woke up.

Her feet, it seemed had been half-asleep too. At least they felt all pricky and funny and she had to wake them up properly.

She didn't know that her right foot and her left foot had been having this conversation.

Perhaps she will be told about it though. Someone said that the Breeze Brothers were going to tell her just what happened so she will speak differently of her feet in the future.

OUTGROWN CLOTHES

"IT'S TOO bad," said the dress which was too small now for the little girl who owned it and who had worn it.

"Yes, it's too bad," the suit which was too small now for the boy who owned it and who had worn it, agreed.

"The whole trouble is," the dress said, "that we seem to be blamed for all of this.

"Now it is not our fault at all. Only we cannot grow.

"The boys grow and the girls grow but the dresses and the suits all stay the same.

"You know sometimes I think, while it has its drawbacks that we can't grow, still it also has its good points.

"For example no one can say to one of us:

" 'Dear me, how you've grown.'

"They can't pat us on the back and say:

" 'Well, dress, I hope you're a good little dress and never disobey.'

"Nor can they say:

" 'Now, suit, I hope you'll grow up to be a fine man of whom we will all be proud.

" 'Have you any idea, suit, what you will be when you grow up?'

"No, they can't say such things to us."

"Yes," said the suit, "it has its good points—the fact that we cannot grow. It is nice to think no one will pat you on the back in a superior fashion.

"True, we can be patted on the back in a way, but it is the one who is wearing us who is really patted on the back and talked to in a superior fashion.

"They don't talk to us that way.

"They can't, and that's the truth. Yet there are drawbacks about not being able to grow.

"For example, others have to wear us when we're not new and they feel that we're not new.

"We're worn but we're not liked much and we're called 'Hand-Me-Downs' and it's not a flattering term.

"Sometimes I've been quite sad to think that I must be worn by the next boy in size in the family simply because I still have some 'wear left in me.'

"I am not regarded with affection as I go down from one to another."

"Nor am I," said the dress. "And yet I cannot blame those who do not care for me. I feel sorry for them and I understand that it is something which must be done but which is not very exciting.

"Then I am often laughed at. The one who has just owned me was not the first to own me. A sister older than she owned me first and now I'm to go to a very little sister.

"I shall be too big for her and she will feel ashamed in me. But they will make a tuck—a thing I must submit to—and they will say:

" 'It doesn't fit her but she will grow so quickly it will in a very short time.'

"But I've been laughed at lately as my owner put me on and I was way up on her.

"It wasn't my fault. She had grown. That was all. But they all laughed and said:

" 'Goodness, would you believe the child had grown so much. Why that dress looks a perfect sight on her.'

"Oh, it is rather hard to be outgrown clothes—hard on the children particularly.

"But then I think to myself:

" 'Well, the grown-ups had to do the same thing when they were young, too, and when these children grow up they'll be doing the same with their children.'

"So it makes it fair, I suppose."

"I suppose so," said the suit wearily.

"Oh yes," said the dress with a sigh which made a wrinkle upon its rather plain front.

WAGON AND STAR

HE HAD heard them talking about it and it had fascinated him.

The grown-ups who had been doing the talking had not seemed so fascinated by it as he was. They had spoken of it, they had urged it, but still had not wholly and completely been under its spell.

He was. There was no mistake about that.

Oh, some day, some day when he grew up, he would do the same thing.

Some day when he was older he would do glorious things that were high and thrilling and above stupid, commonplace things.

He did not mean that he would own an airplane and fly high in the sky. He might, of course, do that, but that was not what the grown-ups had meant. Anything that you did that was above the average, that was capable of reaching the heights—that was what they had meant.

The expression had bothered him a little when he

had first heard it, but not for long. He worked it out to his own satisfaction.

"Hitch your wagon to a star." That was the expression.

And it meant, of course, that you were to hitch whatever you did to some high and gleaming goal above you. You did not have to hitch a wagon to a star. That was impossible.

But if your job happened to be that of driving a wagon or of never coming near a wagon at all, you must hitch your kind of work to a goal that was high and lofty and shining.

The wagon had simply been used in the expression to show that it meant any kind of an ordinary, everyday job, and everything that was ordinary had to have its high ideal in order to be raised above the average.

Oh, he loved the expression. It meant so much and it was so beautiful.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

In a way, he had always done that. The little blue cart he had had when he was a baby boy, just able to walk about, was filled with flowers whenever he could find any.

He had always thought it so worth while, even in his baby mind, to have something beautiful around, and he had thought about gardens and gardens and gardens as he had dug around the few little transplanted offshoots of plants that had been given him.

He even dreamed about it.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

He had had beautiful dreams, and in these dreams he had been sitting in his little blue cart which was firmly attached to a star and the star was guiding them and pulling them all over the sky, filled with stars.

They had climbed over groups of stars, they had wandered from one star to another; they had spoken to stars and laughed with stars and twinkled and chuckled and winked with stars.

They had heard the stars laugh. And the laughter of the stars had been such that he did not think he could ever be entirely unhappy in his life, even if his best toys broke and his family became very poor—for he had heard the laughter of the stars.

Oh, it was a beautiful saying.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

And when he became grown-up, no matter what he was doing, he would always hitch his job to an ideal, a gleaming, shining star of pointed beauty.

Never could anyone who had once done this think of the world as stupid.

That would be quite, quite impossible.

For the world was so interesting.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

THE BACKWARD SPRING

NOW Mistress Springtime had been very busy making big preparations.

She had come along to the northern parts of the country, bringing with her many dresses of pale green and hats and trimmings and decorations of blossoms and spring flowers.

She had unpacked a little at a time so as not to get too tired unpacking.

Besides she had so much in her springtime trunks and she knew how everyone would want to see her costumes a little slowly.

Of course, in time, she became a bit excited over all the "Ahs" and "Ohs" that greeted her and she showed people more and more of her glories.

This time she became so interested in all the first places where she had stopped that she neglected for a long, long time a number of other places.

In fact, she had been a little late about arriving in a number of spots.

People said:

"It is a backward spring."

And do you know that made Mistress Springtime feel a little shy?

Yes, she felt that the people, even though they would want to see her arrive, would make her feel slightly uncomfortable.

Just as a shy person feels even more shy before those who are always saying:

"Now don't be shy, my dear; we're all going to be good friends," so did Mistress Springtime feel when she heard them call her backward.

She felt it would be cold where they were and that the chill in the air and their cold voices when they said that spring was backward would be more than she could endure until there really was warmer weather.

So she kept putting it off and people said again and again:

"Spring is backward."

Well, at last she knew she must visit these people for if she didn't summer would come right along and there really would be no spring at all.

She didn't want it that way.

She didn't want them to say that really there had been no spring at all and that they had had summer right after winter.

So she started to visit these places. But it still did seem chilly.

She felt backward since they had said so.

She found herself hiding her face behind her green cloak and pulling down her hat of buds so that the buds

felt shy, too, and did not feel like opening into flowers, as they usually do, you know, right on her hat.

Oh, it was hard to be a high-spirited spring when she had been told she was backward and when she had felt backward, too.

Yes, she was shy, quite, quite shy.

But suddenly she decided that she would not let people make her feel so shy.

There was nothing she should feel shy about. She would be ready to do what she could do.

She would not hide behind her cape or keep the buds from bursting into bloom.

She flung her cape from her and danced and played and the buds opened their shy, sleepy eyes to see what Spring was doing.

She laughed right in the very face of old Mr. Sun so that he roared with delight.

And the people said:

"Well, spring was backward, but certainly we have had a beautiful spring, even though a short one, before summer actually came."

IN THE MOVIES

CLUCK, cluck," said Master White Chicken, "I know something, I know something. Yes, cluck, cluck, I most certainly know something."

"Well, well, cluck, cluck," said Miss White Chicken, "that's very nice indeed. You think you are a mighty fine chicken I suppose. You'll strut around here as though you were as big as a rooster. Gracious, I do hate to see little boys so conceited!"

"I'm not a little boy. I'm a chicken, cluck, cluck, and it shows you don't know very much not even to know that."

"Of course I know you're a chicken. But you're not a grown-up chicken and you're not a Miss Chicken as I am. Therefore you are a little boy if I wish to call you one!"

"Dear me, dear me," said Master White Chicken, "you are very stubborn."

"Maybe, cluck, cluck," said Miss White Chicken.

"Well, all the same," said Master White Chicken, "I know something."

"I don't see any reason for being so proud of yourself because you know something," said Miss Chicken. "I know a number of things, and I don't act as if I were the most wonderful chicken on the whole farm. I know too much for that."

"What, pray tell, do you know?" asked Master White Chicken.

"I know what is good to eat. I know enough to dislike the water. I know my mother and I know the farmer—and his children. I know good worms. I know lots of things—not just one."

"Yes," said Master White Chicken, "you know all those things and perhaps a few more. I know all of those things too. But you don't know anything special—you don't know anything magnificent! Nothing at all. Poor Miss White Chicken."

"Well if you know something that is so magnificent, why don't you tell it to me, instead of bragging and boasting and telling me I don't know anything! That's no way to do! Tell me! Cluck, cluck. Tell me what you know that is so wonderful and fine."

"I will," said Master White Chicken. "Do you remember a while ago when some men came here to talk to the farmer and with them they brought queer looking black instruments?"

"I remember," said Miss White Chicken. "What of it? They didn't do anything to us—they didn't even give us any food."

"Food, food," said Master White Chicken, turning

up his little beak as best he could, with a very haughty expression, "can't you think of anything else but food, food. Cluck, cluck, it is too dreadful."

"Well, if I'm wrong, explain to me," said Miss White Chicken.

"Those men had cameras—and with cameras they take pictures," said Master White Chicken. "But those men took special pictures—the kind they call moving pictures—children speak of them as the movies. They took photographs of us and now they're showing them all over the country. They're throwing these pictures on screens and people sit in rows and rows of seats and gaze up on a stage at something like a big white sheet upon which are the pictures of us as we move about. The pictures actually move and they're of us! Now isn't that something to know?"

"It is," said Miss White Chicken, in a hushed and proud voice.

"They show a model, perfect farm which is the one upon which we live—and they show how chickens should be treated—as we're treated—and how handsome we are! There are different scenes about us. We walk up through the yard from all the hen coops and we are seen eating and strolling about."

"Oh," said Miss White Chicken, "that is wonderful! I've always longed to be in the movies. They say that so many great ladies are in the movies and that they get so rich and so famous."

"Now, now, Miss White Chicken, a step at a time,"

said Master White Chicken. "You're not a lady, but a Miss Chicken, but you have acted for the movies—and so you're famous; we all are. And we're rich as we live on a model, perfect farm!" And there was great rejoicing when all the hens, roosters and chickens heard the good news!

POND LILIES

"I CAN'T understand it," said Mrs. Pond Lily.

"What can't you understand?" asked Miss Green Leaf.

"It never seems to be night any more," answered Mrs. Pond Lily.

"That's so. Perhaps Mr. Night is taking a holiday," suggested Miss Green Leaf.

"That might be so," said Mrs. Pond Lily, "but I have never known it to happen before, and it seems to me that I have heard that the night takes his rest every day—but that he never takes a longer one, and that there are never two days without a night in between."

"Then it's very, very queer," said Miss Green Leaf. "For there certainly must have been a good many days since there has been a night."

"There must have been—and yet there haven't been," said Mrs. Pond Lily. "It's very confusing and most extremely puzzling."

"It is, indeed," said all the pond lilies and green leaves as they moved a little in the big bowl on a din-

ing-room table. They had been gathered and put there quite a few days before.

They had been used as decorations for a very fine luncheon party and then as some visitors were expected for supper the beautiful young girl who had gathered them had said, "How lovely the pond lilies would look on the supper table."

"But they will close as they always do at night," said another member of the family.

"Yes, and then they won't be pretty," said a third.

"But I think I have a scheme so as to keep them awake," said the beautiful young girl whose name was Nellie.

"What?" everyone asked.

"We'll fool them," she said.

"How?" they asked.

"We'll keep on a white tablecloth and make them think it's still bright day. Usually we change and put them on another table where there is a dark cloth and then they go to bed for the night."

So they tried keeping the bowl of pond lilies on the white cloth and sure enough the pond lilies didn't close their eyes and go to sleep! They stayed awake and later there were lights on the table for the supper party.

But the white tablecloth had fooled the pond lilies. And as they were so lovely they were used for decorations for a whole week and they had not known they had missed such a great deal of sleep.

"I don't know that I really feel so sleepy," said Mrs.

Pond Lily. "That is when I think about it I don't feel so sleepy, but it really doesn't seem natural."

That night they were taken away from the white cloth and they closed right up and went to sleep.

When they were sleeping quietly Mr. Night came to them dressed in his dark night cap and heavy, dark robe.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Mrs. Pond Lily.

"I've been around," Mr. Night answered.

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" asked Mrs. Pond Lily, feeling sure she hadn't heard Mr. Night correctly.

"I had a fine trip," said Mr. Night, "each day, and every night was back at work again."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Pond Lily.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Pond Lily," answered Mr. Night, "you were wide awake because they had fooled you—the people had—they had made you think it was day by putting a bright, daytime-looking cloth under you."

"Had they, really?"

"They had, indeed," said Mr. Night. "And how I chuckled when I saw it."

"You must have," said Mrs. Pond Lily. "Well, that was a good joke on us, certainly. And to think we didn't even notice you."

"Yes," said Mr. Night, "if I had been a more sensitive old fellow I would have been very much hurt, but so many things and people go to sleep and are given

pleasant dreams and rest owing to me, that I didn't mind seeing the pond lilies fooled for a change."

And the pond lilies laughed in their sleep at the great joke!

ICE CREAM SODA

"A VERY thirsty and very warm and very weary boy is coming back to drink me," said the Ice Cream Soda. "He said he wanted me to be all ready for him, so here I am, all ready.

"Of course I could not be ready all by myself but with help and asistance I am ready.

"I tell you what, it is to my credit that I am not conceited. Of course I have a little rightful pride. I do puff up with pride and with the fizz stuff that is put into me, too! But I am not unduly conceited and yet there would be every excuse for me if I were. Because my family are loved! People fairly rave over ice cream sodas. The Syrup sons are as popular as they can be. Chocolate is the most popular, but there are Pineapple and Orange and Lemon and Coffee and they are all very popular too.

"Then there are the nuts and there is Miss Marshmallow. She is a general favorite. We have such a nice home where it is so cool and comfortable in the hot summer weather.

"Yes, we're right here by the soda water fountain and there is ice for us to rest upon. Then there is Lady Ice Cream. She is a great favorite, too.

"I have some of her in my glass now and I have Chocolate Syrup and some wonderful fizzy things were brought out of some of the faucets on the soda fountain. I can't be made by everybody. Of course I must have the best of materials. But some make me better than others. Of course that is only natural.

"There are some people who can do certain things better than others and others who can do other things better than these certain ones. That all sounds very confusing but you must remember I'm an ice cream soda and I'm not a student. What is more, and what makes a better excuse yet for my ignorance and lack of intelligence is the fact that I am about in the summer time when no one is in school and when no one talks so very much about what is correct and what is not correct.

"At least they don't talk that way before me. I hear speeches such as these:

" 'Um-um, this soda is good.'

" 'My, but I was thirsty.'

" 'Yes, this will cool me off. I was so hot.'

" 'Oh, this is good. This touches the right spot.'

"That last speech I hear very, very often. Everyone seems to have a right spot to be touched.

"Then I hear them say, 'Oh, let me treat this time. You treated last time.'

" 'Let it be a Dutch treat.'

" 'All right. Let's not argue. I'm too warm. I can only think of the soda I'm going to have.'

"So they talk. And you will admit that that isn't the kind of talk that would make a wise thing out of me. It's very nice, pleasant and cheering talk, but it's not bookish talk. Oh, no, not that at all.

"No one thinks of books when they come here. They think of paper napkins and straws and a spoon for stirring. That's what they think of and I know. The ice cream soda knows. Of course I am soon to be eaten and the syrup in me will be drunk with a relish after the ice cream has all gone. But the ice cream soda recipe or the way of making ice cream soda will not disappear and so I say 'I' have had all these experiences. You know, of course, what I mean.

"But hush! I must stop my chatter. I see the boy coming back and he is smiling already to see me. I am not quite so puffed up in appearance as I was, but I taste just as good. Heigh-ho, what a smile of welcome. I will give him my best chocolate smile, too."

And this was what the boy said to the ice cream soda: "Oh, Ice Cream Soda, you're simply great! You're just what I needed. Just exactly what I needed. I say, Ice Cream Soda, you are great!"

DAY DREAMS

"WE'RE kept pretty busy these lovely summer afternoons," said the Day Dream workers.

"It's so sunny and sleepy and wonderful out-of-doors and if people don't actually go to sleep they want more day dreams than they seem to want when it is cold and bracing.

"In the winter they're busy hurrying this way and that, and the cold weather doesn't make them want to dream so much of their time away.

"Of course we have to do a good deal in the winter, too. Day dreams are always wanted to a certain extent.

"But in the summer we are very, very busy.

"Ah, we must get to work."

The Day Dream workers were so prettily dressed. They wore coats of cool green material and trousers of soft brown color.

Their caps were of blue such as the color of the sky on lovely summer days.

And edging their caps were fluffy white touches—

just as you see patches of fluffy white clouds here and there in the blue of the summer sky.

They worked in a field which was surrounded by woods and which was away from the places where people were.

Now and again people walked to this field but not often. When they did the Day Dreams hid themselves behind the tall trees in the woods and waited for the people to lie down and take naps or talk in sleepy voices, or for them to get up and go off again.

But most of the time the Day Dream workers were here by themselves.

There were sweet ferns all about and a few little trees that looked as though some day they might be forest trees.

And there were many butterflies and bright colored insects and humming bumblebees buzzing and chattering and singing in low, sleepy voices.

Sometimes the Day Dream workers sent their Day Dreams in little packages which these butterflies and buzzing insects took with them to the places where the people were.

They scattered them about and people received them and began dreaming day dreams.

Oh, such interesting day dreams as were in these packages.

There were dreams of becoming famous, there were dreams of leading the school in games, and in lessons and in popularity.

There were dreams of travel, there were dreams of adventure, there were dreams of hopes and wishes and all were coming true.

Oh, the Day Dream workers knew how to make the most wonderful of day dreams.

"They will come true if people will help to make them come true," the Day Dream workers said.

"Ah," said one of the Day Dream Workers, "I have a most beautiful day dream here. I do so enjoy wrapping it up.

"It just seemed to make itself. I hardly had anything to do with it at all."

"What is it?" asked the other Day Dream workers.

"Oh, it's a lovely day dream," the Day Dream worker said. "It is filled with a dream of happiness and love. It is a dream that has all the hopes in it for thrusting aside hate and jealousy and mean speeches and horrid teasing.

"It is a dream of good nature and good spirits and laughter and merriment and unselfishness.

"And it's all wrapped up in love. Just take a peep at it."

And there it was, an exquisite dream which could come true and it was wrapped in a pink edged little cloud material which was labeled Love!

MOSQUITO LESSONS

"WHILE you are very young," said Mrs. Mosquito, "you will breathe from the end of your bodies, that is, when you are nothing but larvae."

Those who would become Mosquito children before long did not say anything.

They were busy becoming mosquitoes.

But Mrs. Mosquito went on talking.

"You will be able to do a great deal of harm. You will be able to even carry sickness.

"Now doctors carry sickness away, but you can bring sickness. So, though your work is the opposite of the work which doctors do it is very clever.

"At least I think it is very clever.

"The young gentlemen in the Mosquito family will not be able to bite.

"But the ladies will make up for this shortcoming.

"Others may not call us ladies. They may think our behavior is anything but ladylike. For we go where we are not invited and not wanted.

"We certainly outstay our welcome, as we are never welcomed in the first place.

"So we outstay our welcome from the very moment we arrive. But do not let that bother you!

"Stay just the same!

"Be careful not to be caught. Be careful to dodge people's hands. Be quick, but enjoy yourselves.

"You are now living in the marsh which is your childhood home. It is a nice comfortable home.

"But later you will be grown up and will go forth to enjoy the world.

"You will enjoy the people of the world. It is not their society which will interest you.

"You will not care about their conversation. You will not mind whether they are bright or dull. You will not care whether they do well in their lessons or not.

"You will not be fussy as to their own table manners or their party manners or their everyday manners—if they have different sets of manners.

"You will not care whether they can swim or play games well or whether they are popular with their friends.

"You will not care whether they talk about each other or whether they are loyal.

"You will not care whether they tattle-tale or whether they don't.

"You will not care if they're grown-ups who are mean to children and who make unkind speeches or who act in a patronizing and condescending fashion toward

them. Those are big words, but I fancy you will understand them—if not now, later on.

"You will live in the hollow parts of trees and in cellars when the winter comes, so you will be able to do some damage in the late spring.

"You will be able to suck delicious meals from people. You will never be asked again, for you will never be asked in the first place.

"But that need not bother you.

"No mosquito will ever receive an invitation to come to supper from a human and no mosquito has had such an invitation.

"Be as mean as you like. Mosquitoes have always been mean and they always will be mean.

"Annoy people. Make them mad! Make them furiously angry!

"But don't let them keep you from coming again because they are angry."

These were the lessons Mrs. Mosquito taught, and even if the children weren't listening to her now she knew that they would follow the mean mosquito ways just as all mosquitoes always did.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

IT WAS a warm, sunny day and Mahalia felt quite sleepy. She was sitting on a stump in a field near the farm where she was visiting some of her friends.

She thought she would get off the stump and lie down in the warm, sunny field.

It would be so nice to have a little nap.

So Mahalia stretched herself out and, after a few moments, it seemed to her the wild flowers in the meadow began to peep at her and to show her that they had little faces.

One flower was particularly lovely. This flower seemed to be made of lace.

In fact, there were a great many little flowers clustered together, and each of them seemed to be wearing a lovely, dainty lace frock.

"You know who we are, don't you?" asked one of the flowers.

"I think," said Mahalia, "you are Queen Anne's Lace."

"Correct," said the little flower. "And, as you see, there are many of us together. We're a friendly family

and we have never become snobbish even in spite of our clothes."

"I don't know what you mean by that," Mahalia said.

"Don't you?" The little flower speaking looked at Mahalia in a very puzzled way.

"I really don't," said Mahalia.

"Well, then, I will explain it to you."

"I do wish you would."

"You see," the little flower began, "we all wear dresses of lace.

"Some only wear dresses of lace for very best. And, even then, maybe there is only a touch of lace about their dresses somewhere.

"They never wear lace dresses to play in or to work in or to go to school in.

"No, their lace dresses are entirely for dress-up times. But we always wear our lace dresses.

"You've never seen us dressed in cambric, or muslin, or cotton, or any other material.

"Always flower lace is what we wear.

"You see, years and years and years ago, over in Europe, from where the family first came, the first flower started the flower fashion.

" 'It would be nice if we always wore flower lace dresses,' this first flower said.

" 'We would be different from other flowers in this way. We would have a style of our own and instead of worrying about fashions and changes of styles, we could

have our own style and our fashion and follow it year after year after year.

" 'As long as it is a beautiful style we will not get tired of it.

" 'Besides, it is the custom in the flower world to follow the same lovely styles.

" 'So let us all wear lace dresses, every one of us, all the time.'

"Then," continued the little flower, "when the family came over from Europe they brought their own dresses with them in their own flower trunks.

"And we've never changed the style. We never will. Sometimes we are called Queen's Needlework, which is another word for sewing.

"Sometimes we are called Wild Carrot, because our roots in some cases are like carrots.

"But I wanted to tell you about our not being snobbish. You see, some creatures, when they are all dressed up, begin to put on airs.

"They act as though they were better than others. They look at the clothes of others and say:

" 'Dear, dear, what shockingly shabby clothes!'

"But we never turn up our lace noses at others. We will never be snobbish, even though we will always wear lace dresses. You see, we know that would be silly and vain and horrid—so we wear lace, but we act in a sensible, plain fashion."

THE WIND'S COSTUMES

TOMMY was very much excited when he saw the place where the Wind went when the Wind died down.

He saw the Wind's Sleeping Palace which was in a sunny, hilly field, just off the edge of the woods. Above the Wind's Palace was the sky, for the Wind liked plenty of air when he slept.

There were many little creatures outside humming a low, soft melody, which was very soothing and much like a lullaby. They did this for the wind, and there were katydids, bumblebees, humming birds in the chorus.

Just by the door of the palace there was a notice.

It begged those who came to pay attention to the notice and Tommy read it all. He was particularly interested in the part that said:

"When the Wind dies down and goes to his Sleeping Palace it is so very quiet, and so very, very, very still, and so very calm that even the earth people cannot feel any breeze. 'The Wind has completely died down,' they say. It is because we are keeping his Palace so quiet.

"Uphold these traditions.

"And remember!

"The Wind is tired. He has been off on a Gale Occasion. A Gale Occasion is the same with him as a Gala Occasion is with the Earth people.

"Remember the rules. Tread gently."

Just as Tommy finished reading the door of the Palace was opened and standing there were two little gentlemen dressed in fly-away coats of green.

They held the door back and one of them whispered to Tommy:

"We're the Breeze Brothers. We're keeping very quiet. If we began to get excited the Wind might want to see what was up."

Tommy walked on along the great hall. It was made of beautiful stones and small pine and fir trees stood in great green buckets on either side. As he walked along he saw the Tread Softly Cupboard and picked out a pair of Guaranteed-Not-to-Make-a-Sound Moss Slippers.

Then he turned down a corridor to the right and before long he was in the Royal Wardrobe room talking to the Wardrobe Chief.

What a wardrobe the Wind had! There were costumes for rainy-windy days, for windy-sunny days, for windy-cold days, for windy-mild days. There were wild costumes for hurricanes, gales, blizzards, storms and there was one costume which looked like a clown's costume which the Wardrobe Chief said was the costume

the Wind wore when he went on his howling parties sometimes of a very windy evening.

"You've heard him howl at night?" the Wardrobe Chief asked Tommy and Tommy said he had.

"That's what he wears," the Wardrobe Chief said. It was the wildest costume—the sleeves and trousers all frazzled, the hood covered with bells and whistles and horns.

Tommy had no idea the Wind had so many costumes, yet he could see that there was a time when the Wind wore each of them.

And then he saw the Wind asleep. Above him was his sky roof and he had a bed which looked as though it had come from the deep, deep forest. The Wind was sound asleep. The chorus outside the Palace could be heard faintly, the sun was shining down and the Wind looked like a beautiful knight of old, or maybe a prince, slim and handsome and young and a brave, merry fellow, too.

When the Wind caught sight of Tommy he laughed.

"Well, upon my word as the Wind, so here you are. And now to pay me back for running off with your kite last week and your balloon two weeks before you have now discovered where the Wind goes when the Wind dies down!

"Good for you, Tommy. But come, jump on my back and I'll take you to the Mountain Top. If you've come this far that's where you must be going."

Tommy jumped upon the Wind and riding piggy-

back fashion they dashed off, the Wind flinging his windy-sunny day cape about him. And as they flew off the Palace began to sway, and the trees and the ferns all bowed again and again and everything which had been so still began to move.

"We're off," cried the now wide-awake Wind.

FASHIONABLE FISH

"I MUST go to a cooler climate for the summer," said Mr. Bluefish.

"To be sure it isn't summer time yet, but it is well to begin my journey."

And some of the other fishes said the same.

"It's a pity," said Mr. Bluefish, as he shrugged his fins, "that people do not know how fashionable many fishes are.

"We travel. We take many a journey. Oh, there are ever so many fishes who do the same. Every year they take a trip.

"There are the Summer Flounder family and the Weakfish family and many others who come from the South, where they have wintered, to the North, where they will summer.

"And the Cod take our places in the autumn, when we find it chilly to stay North.

"Fishes travel up rivers, along the ocean. Oh, they take journeys of miles and miles and miles!

"But people don't appreciate that! They will say to each other:

" 'Are you going away anywhere this summer? Are you going to visit your mother's people or your father's relatives or your friends?'

"They will say:

" 'Will you go camping this summer when it gets hot or will you stay at home and spend your vacation quietly?'

"They ask each other all such questions, but you would think they would say:

" 'Well, I see by the river or the ocean that a number of the Fish summer residents have arrived.'

"No, they don't do that.

"They say:

" 'I see by the paper that Mrs. So-and-So has moved into the house up the street. I wonder if she will find a good cook. The last lady who lived there couldn't get a cook to suit her, and she didn't know how to make a thing herself.'

"It would be so much more interesting if they said:

" 'The summer fishes are coming. They will do their own housekeeping and they will not engage any outside cooks or laundresses.

" 'They do not need laundresses. They are constantly being washed—and as for being ironed, no fish would put up with that.'

"That is the way they should talk, so that everyone would know how we travel and journey and what distances we go.

"They will speak of the birds and will say how in-

teresting it is the way the birds travel, and how they come at one season and leave for another, and live in different parts of the country during different seasons.

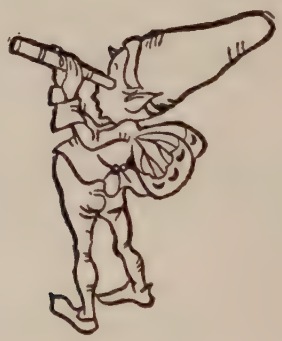
"They think that is very interesting. But they don't seem to bother much about fishes.

"They should, poor dears, for they would find, then, how fashionable and smart fishes were, and are.

"Ah, dear," and Mr. Bluefish looked from out his glassy eyes, "some know about us, it is true.

"Fishermen do—but the world of style and fashion doesn't seem to talk about what we're doing.

"Too bad, too bad," and he waved a sad, unhappy fin.



DAY FLOWERS

TWO bright blue flowers looked out upon the world and smiled at each other.

"It's a nice world," said the first.

"Very nice," said the second.

"Strange," said the first, "that Brother Day Flower the Third doesn't want to see what is going on."

"Strange, indeed," said the second. "But that is the family way, I suppose."

"I'm thankful," said the first, "that I am not Brother Third Flower. As it is I can look about me and enjoy myself for a short time."

"I'm thankful, too," said the second.

Now these two blue flowers were very bright and very pretty. They were of a lovely color and they were dressed very handsomely in their blue costumes.

Near them was a third flower, but the third flower was not blue in color. Instead the third flower wore a very simple white costume which would not be particularly noticed.

And, too, the third flower was smaller and did not amount to very much.

"Yes," the first flower said again, "I am thankful that I am not Brother Day Flower the Third. I know the old family custom.

"Three of us belong to this little family group but of the three one must not be much noticed. One must be simply dressed in a whitish costume and must not wear the blue costume worn by the other two.

"I do not know the reason for this but this is the way it has always been, and so I suppose it is all right.

"It is true I am so happy that I did not happen to be Brother Day Flower the Third and yet I wasn't greedy about choosing this costume.

"I did not push Brother Day Flower out of the way nor did I say:

" 'Here, Brother Day Flower, I was promised the blue costume and my other brother was promised the other blue costume.

" 'Now there are only two blue costumes and we spoke for them first, so you must not have one.'

"I didn't say anything like that to him. I wasn't really greedy, only I am so pleased that it happened that I should have been chosen to be Brother Day Flower the First."

"And I am so glad that I was chosen to be Brother Day Flower the Second," the second flower said.

"It was just because Mother Nature chose us to have the blue costumes. And Brother Day Flower the Third doesn't seem to mind.

"No, I don't mind," said Brother Day Flower the

Third, in a very low voice. "I don't mind at all. In fact I would rather have it this way.

"I would rather not dress up in a showy costume. I'm not fond of dressing up. Mother Nature must have known that I would be the one made happiest by not having to dress up.

"I am pleased to be the way I am."

The two blue flowers looked at each other and smiled, such pretty flower smiles.

And they smiled at their third brother, too.

Then they semed to grow quieter, as though they felt sleepy and soon they had folded up their petals about them and had gone to sleep.

For the Day Flowers close up after noon has arrived and never do they open again. They really should almost be called Half-Day flowers.

But the wooded country where they had bloomed had, somehow, felt complimented that they had been paid the attention of this short flower blooming visit.

NIP'S IDEAS

NIP had been having a beautiful time at the beach. Nip was a fox terrier and he had had the honor of playing with a big, handsome, wise airedale all that morning.

Fritz was the name of the big airedale and the latter had been swimming a great deal, whereas Nip was not very fond of swimming.

He could swim but he wasn't the one to rave about it.

As for the airedale, he swam races with his mistress and always won so easily and without any effort at all, even when he held back and tried not to go quickly.

But Nip had been playing with him on the beach and Fritz had been so nice with the younger and smaller dog. He had not been rough and yet he had played so that Nip had felt he was having a wonderful time with the big dog, and he had not felt that the big dog was above him in the least.

Then Nip had run races in the sand and had played and jumped about, spoken to perfect strangers in his cordial little way, jumped up at them and even kissed some of them as he greeted them.

After the morning at the beach was over and they had gone home to a most delicious meal Nip took a nap. But when he awoke he thought he would like to chew a little bit and began to chew on a pillow.

Now Nip had a doll, a funny old doll which had always belonged to him and which was for him to chew. So whenever he started chewing anything else a member of the family came rushing to Nip saying:

"No! No! No! Naughty Nip. Chew your doll."

Then they would give him his doll and Nip knew that he was supposed to chew that but nothing else. He understood a great deal.

He was just as friendly and nice when the family came back after they had left him alone and did not act "mad" at all.

Of course, often he was sadly disappointed when they went off and left him and he would show how he wanted to go, and he would look so eager and so pleading.

But yet when they came back he had quite, quite forgiven them. He showed no touchy manner at all. Nor did he feel anything but forgiving.

Still there was one thing Nip could not understand. You see, he liked to play and to be so companionable. He liked to go everywhere and he behaved well when he was taken out.

But he did not care about doing tricks and he didn't see just why he should.

There was one trick that was just too silly for words. He wondered why they wanted him to do it.

They wanted him to stand on his hind legs.

Now he could jump up and stand that way for a second or two but to stand any longer was too absurd.

In the first place, people expected of dogs what they couldn't or wouldn't do themselves.

Nip had noticed that people never asked each other to stand up on one leg and to stay that way for quite a little while.

When someone gave someone else a candy, for example, they didn't expect the person receiving the candy to go around standing on one leg.

And that was no more foolish than to expect a dog to stand on two. Half the number of his legs amounted to two, just as half the number of a person's amounted to one.

So Nip's idea was that it was a very foolish trick and he didn't care about doing it.

After lunch was over he and his little master used to make a rush to the couch for both felt sleepy, but both tried to occupy most of it. They always did share it pretty fairly but each made a rush for it to get there first! Nip used to lie with his head on a red pillow and his right black ear looked so nicely upon the red. But he was a lighter sleeper than his master and woke up if he heard any sounds, moving his head about, watchful, very watchful.

But oh, that was a silly trick, that of standing on two legs. Nip certainly had his own ideas about that!

SUN TOWEL

ONLY the other day," said Mr. Sun, "I acted as the towel for a whole party.

"Instead of everyone having to have a towel I was the towel for everyone.

"I dried every single back and every pair of legs and every head of hair.

"I was really better than any towel or any collection of towels, and I almost think my name might be called Sun Towel.

"If only there were shops where I could go comfortably I could make a great deal of money selling myself and giving myself up into parts.

"Even if I were divided up afterward into remnants there would still be a great demand for me, I think.

"Because you can just see how I dry hundreds and hundreds of them at the beaches and dozens and dozens along the shore.

"Why, if they advertised anywhere the following:

" 'Sun Towels for sale—The genuine Mr. Sun divided up into many parts and offered for sale—Greatest

bargain the world has ever known'—just think of the demand there'd be to get parts of me.

"Still perhaps it is true that they would only burn themselves if they got so close to me.

"At a distance I make an excellent towel, but near at hand I would not do so well.

"Ah, no! I think I'd better not give myself to the rush and crowds of the shopping world.

"I think I'd better stay in the sky.

"But I hope, sometimes, just for fun, some one will call me Sun Towel, or Mr. Sun Towel.

"I think it would be a funny name and it would amuse me.

"Well, well, well, and I'm the kind of a towel to give freckles once in awhile, too.

"That is more than an ordinary towel can do.

"At least I've never heard of any towel giving any one freckles except Mr. Sun Towel.

"If anyone else ever heard of this happening I wish they would notify me so I could correct myself, and this idea of mine.

"I dry the ground too and the grass and the flowers after the King of the Clouds has given them a bath.

"Other towels don't help dry up the ground as I do. "I dry the ground so people can sit on it and no other towel would think of doing that because no other towel ever puts on its thinking cap as does Mr. Sun.

"But I must be going to bed now.

"When I am in bed I shall dream tonight, I do be-

lieve, of towels and of drying people who come out of the water dripping wet, yes that is the way I'll dream.

"I feel quite sure of it.

"Good-night, World! I'll come and act as a towel tomorrow too if you go a-bathing and a-swimming.

"Yes, Mr. Sun will be your towel—your great big towel.

"But now he must go to bed. He's sleepy and as he has no proper hand to put before his face in case he yawns, and as it is rude to yawn any other way, he must hurry off before such a thing happens.

"Good-night, World!"

MERRY-GO-ROUND

IT was late at night and the merry-go-round was still. Not even the sign of a little movement was the merry-go-round making.

Not the slightest scrap of a tune or squeak came from it.

It was quite, quite still.

It had been Fair Day and the merry-go-round had been busy.

So many riders had the merry-go-round had that day —more than almost ever before.

Of course it had been a beautiful day and it was the second day of the Fair and the second day was always the best.

They were getting things arranged the first day and the third day they commenced to take things away. Of course the merry-go-round stayed all the three days, but the second was the very best of all.

Oh, how the merry-go-round had gone around that day!

It had sung its songs, or rather it had played its music and its same round of tunes had seemed just as

jolly and gay and as much fun at the end of the day as at the beginning.

Now the merry-go-round was still, quite still.

And then it seemed to stretch itself just a little and there seemed to be a whispering.

"Oh," said the merry-go-round, "that was a good rest. Well, I needed it."

"Oh, we needed that rest," said a pair of fine black horses on the merry-go-round.

"We were in such demand. How the children did rush to climb upon us.

"And we went around and around and around, our heads moving and our bodies moving just so much and no more, and our legs never on the board at all, but in the air a little, always above the ground, always curved just so.

"But we're used to it. It doesn't tire us. The children held our reins and had such a good time and they would tell us to get-up and to get-up and to whoa.

"We had a splendid day."

"So did we," said a pair of gray horses. "We never had more fun. Even though we had pop-corn and ice cream cones dripping and dropping over us we didn't mind.

"In fact we enjoyed it."

"Well, we didn't have a pair of hands that weren't sticky the whole day," said a pair of white horses, "but we didn't mind."

"We had a good day, too. This rest has refreshed us. We'll be all ready for a busy day tomorrow.

"It may not be quite as busy as this one was but let us hope it will be a busy day."

"Let us hope so," the merry-go-round said.

"Let us hope so," the black horses said.

"Let us hope so," the gray horses said.

"We," said the chairs, "are not rushed for in the same way that the horses are. We are a little quieter in our ways.

"They don't mount on our backs. They just sit in us. But there were plenty of people sitting in us today.

"We had some very, very, very little children, too, clutching at our sides.

"It was great fun!"

And all the horses and all the chairs talked of the day that had been.

But they had had a good rest and they were ready for the next day.

There was nothing the merry-go-round liked better than to go round and round and round.

The merry-go-round never got dizzy.

Getting dizzy was something the merry-go-round could not understand at all.

THE SHADOW'S DANCE

"LET'S give a dance this evening," said the Shadows. "And let all the Shadows come."

So the Shadows all came to the dance. From everywhere they came and so many were they that they spread themselves all out over the streets —everywhere the Shadows seemed to be.

This dance was being given in a city.

When the leading Shadows had first suggested this party one timid little Shadow had said:

"But won't the people hurt me?"

"No, no, no," the other Shadows said. "Shadows can't be hurt."

So the little Shadow went along too.

And the dance began.

It was a wonderful dance and the lights twinkled from the city streets and the Shadows danced here and there.

They flitted this way and that, they were here for a moment and then off again.

Oh, there was nothing they did not do!

The lights seemed to glow and dance with joy. Every-

where there were the Shadows dancing, merrily playing with one another on the gay and exciting city streets.

How exciting life could be, the little Shadow thought to itself as it lost its fear, in a city.

And life could be exciting in the country, too.

The little Shadow knew that. And there was fun to be had in rooms in houses, oh, such games as there were to be played.

And as the lights twinkled and the Shadows danced and played they sang this song:

Gay little Shadows are we,
Merry and bright as can be.
We're filled with a zest,
We won't stop to rest
For gay little Shadows are we.

Gay little Shadows are we,
To this we feel sure you'll agree,
You can't catch us, it's true,
But that wouldn't do,
For gay little Shadows are we.

Gay little Shadows are we,
We hop and we skip, one, two, three.
We run here and there,
We're 'most everywhere,
For gay little Shadows are we.

Gay little Shadows are we,
This you surely can see,
We like darkness and light
When the mixture's just right,
For gay little Shadows are we.

Gay little Shadows are we,
Merry and bright as can be.
We're filled with a zest,
We won't stop to rest
For gay little Shadows are we!

And the Shadows danced and danced until you would have thought they could have danced no more, and many people spoke of the way the Shadows were dancing that night, but they didn't hear the song of the Shadows.

The Fairy Queen heard it, though, and she asked the Breeze Brothers to send out the words of the song so that it could be heard by many, many friends of the dear, cheery, naughty, playful, merry little Shadows.

THE HUGE MOON

A LITTLE BOY was riding home in an automobile one night with his mother and father and his small sister.

He lived in the city and his home was in an apartment house far up in the city.

They had been way down town.

As they were driving along he caught sight of something that looked like a moon back of some of the big city buildings.

It did not seem at first as though it could be the moon, it was so enormously large.

It was even larger than he had ever seen the moon look.

Sometimes as they drove along he lost sight of it, and again it peeped up from behind the tall buildings and then could be seen in all its enormous size.

There were a few tiny clouds in back of it or near it and sometimes it seemed as though it belonged to one of the skyscraper buildings, so close to the buildings did it seem.

It was orange in color and its face was plain to be seen.

Now and again when the buildings were lower it seemed far up in the sky.

It was wonderful to watch.

Then they passed along a street that was a shopping center and where there were theaters and moving picture houses.

The moon looked right down over this street and it seemed to be saying that it, too, could look as bright as the brightest shop, or as the brightest theater or as the brightest moving picture sign.

It was wonderful to see the moon show up above all the sights that man had made by knowing how to use electricity.

The moon knew nothing about electric lights but the moon could show off, too.

Oh, it had been a wonderful sight to see.

The little boy thought of it that night as he was going to bed and the next morning he still thought of the great huge moon playing hide-and-go-seek with the city skyscrapers, appearing and disappearing.

And he thought of it, too, as it looked down on the brightest of bright streets.

But the moon had been saying,

"Let them have their electric signs and let them have their theaters and let them have their moving pictures.

"I am not the one to object.

"I wouldn't buy any of the things they advertise in their electric signs as I don't need anything they have to sell.

"I don't need clothes to wear and I don't need automobiles or tires or anything that has to do with automobiles.

"What would the moon do with an automobile? I wouldn't know how to drive one in the first place.

"And besides, it would make everyone bump into each other if I should take to driving an automobile.

"They would all be so surprised to see me that they would not look to see where they were going. And there would be accidents as there always are if people don't watch where they are going.

"That is another reason why I don't want an automobile.

"Nor do I need to know what sort of shaving soap to use as I don't have to shave. Can you picture the moon shaving?

"To be sure, I am different sizes at different times, but I don't shave my face with soap and a razor to take off the whiskers, as I have no whiskers.

"Nor do I want to go to see moving pictures, nor do I wish to see theaters.

"But I want to show them that I, too, can be bright. Oh, yes, once in awhile I just have to draw attention to myself in a big, bright way."

BEDCLOTHES

JANE was sick in bed. She did not feel very ill, but she felt poorly when she got up and tried to walk around.

When she did that her head ached a little and she felt a little bit dizzy.

She had quite a bad cold, too, and she felt shivery when she got out of bed.

Her mother had said that they would break up the cold that very day before it got really started.

So, while the cold was being broken up, Jane stayed in bed.

It was really quite nice and warm in bed. The quilt was soft and warm and Jane felt just ill enough to quite enjoy bed.

She had her books and toys about her and her favorite doll and her toy lamb.

Yes, she had company.

The lamb really was a lamb, a perfect lamb. The lamb was white with a pink ribbon around its neck and the dearest little squeaking baa-a-a sounds could come from it whenever pressed.

During the morning Jane slept off and on, and read off and on and played with some of her toys.

Between all these things she had a nice cup of broth or two and several pieces of buttered toast.

There were no crusts on the buttered toast because she was ill and so she had things a little bit "special."

She really didn't like crusts very much. She had heard of some who liked the crusts best of all.

She was just the opposite way herself. For some reason, or possibly for no reason that could be named, she didn't like crusts.

When afternoon came she played a game of cards with the lamb.

The lamb didn't know much about playing cards but was willing enough, quite willing.

And then Jane played a game with the bedclothes.

She found herself getting in such queer positions that she decided to call herself and the shapes the bedclothes took different names.

She was lying in bed so that her right knee was up in the air and with the bedclothes draped over it, it was quite mountainous looking.

"I will call that Mount Knee," she said.

Then there were ridges and lines in between the bedclothes.

She called these rivers and streams and brooks.

"Quilt river" was the name of one.

"Coverlet brook" was the name of another.

"Sheet stream" was the name of a third, for that was where the sheet was folded over the outer spread.

"Spread valley," she called a great big part of the bed, and she called her left knee:

"Hill Knee."

It did not stick up so high as Mount Knee.

"Lapland," she called the part across her lap and she thought that sounded quite geography-like and clever.

Then she called the part where one foot came down from Mount Knee:

"Foothills."

And the other foot she called:

"Spread gorge."

Then she played that she was going to see all these places and she moved her arms and hands around so that they went up the mountains and down into the valleys and now and again with the way she moved some of the scenery was lost—but then when you travel you can't see everything at once.

One view is apt to hide another.

So really, even though she spent the day in bed, she did have a very much traveled day!

RED-THROATED LOON

THERE are some creatures," said Mr. Red-Throated Loon, "who think it is very fine indeed to have a different winter hat from their summer hat.

"They feel so smart and so fashionable as they go into the shops in the winter and say, 'Please show me your very latest winter hats,' and in the summer when they go in and say, 'Please show me your very latest summer hats.'

"Now it is all very well for them to do this but they forget that there are birds too who change their head dress, or bonnets, in the winter from the summer as well as they.

"I will admit that I am speaking of my family and of myself. And I will also admit that I do not get a different kind of hat every winter as people do.

"That is because once I take to a certain style I like it so much that I have no desire to change it. In the summer time my head is gray with no white spots although there are a few streaks at the back of my head.

"Now I also change other feathers besides my head

feathers, just as folks wear different winter coats from their summer coats.

"I will tell you how I dress at both times. In the summer as I said my head is gray and my back is gray too. I have a large patch of chestnut brown feathers on the front part of my neck. I have white touches underneath.

"Now in the winter I have gray and white below but I have white spots upon my back. I think it is nice to have something cheerful and attractive about one's dress in the winter time and so I have chosen this fashion and it is the fashion I keep to and the one all my family keeps to.

"We change from one of these costumes to the other summer and winter, winter and summer. We can be recognized in the winter very easily too from the Holboell Grebe birds by our winter dress and by the fact that there aren't white patches upon the wings. And also we can be recognized from the Grebe birds because our feet are differently shaped.

"If we did go to shoe makers, which we don't, of course, so it is hardly worth talking about, we could never go to the same one, unless he was able to make very different styles of shoes!

"Of course everyone likes to know about the kinds of nests and homes the different families of birds have. We have a small hole dug in the sand just by the water and Mrs. Red-Throated Loon lays two eggs in June which are olive colored and covered with little black spots, very tiny spots. We spend our winters in the United States

and then before the spring has come we're on our way far up North where there is cold weather.

"We like the Arctic ocean and you know it's cold up there. When we hear of folks going away for the summer and going to what they consider cool places we have to laugh. We hear them talking about it in the winter time.

"Yes, we have many cousins. There is the black-throated loon, a relative, but he so seldom comes to the United States that I don't suppose you would care especially to know about him as you aren't apt to ever see him or meet him.

"He has fine red eyes as we all have and he too runs over the water as he is getting ready to fly for he doesn't care for the land any more than most of us do.

"He too carries his neck way out in front of him as though he wanted to make sure his head would reach the place he started out for first! We all have habits that are much alike you see. And Mrs. Black-Throated Loon lays two eggs also of olive color. But let no one boast that they alone change their costumes in the winter and the summer for we do the same and there are quite a number of other creatures who do too.

"The whole trouble is that often people don't know about us and so they don't know that we have different costumes just as they do, even if we haven't so many!"

PIGS' SEASHORE TALK

"WELL, grunt, grunt," said Porky Pig, "never did I hear such goings on in all my life.

"What is the matter, Grandfather Porky?" asked Brother Bacon. "Squeal, squeal, what is the matter?"

"Well," said Porky Pig, "this is the matter. I've heard the people around the farm talking in the most ridiculous way lately.

"It has been perfectly absurd."

"What have they said?" asked Miss Ham. "Have they said they didn't like food? That would be as absurd as anything I could imagine."

"No, they didn't say that," said Porky. "They have talked in even a more foolish way. They haven't mentioned food at all.

"Could anything be more foolish?"

"Nothing could," squealed Miss Ham.

"Nothing at all," said Brother Bacon.

"Nothing that I can think of," said Mrs. Pink Pig, "could be any more foolish."

"I could think of nothing more foolish either," said Pinky Pig.

"The same with me," said Master Pink Pig.

"I agree with all of you," said Sammy Sausage.

"But what was it all about?" asked Brother Bacon.

"Yes, you'll have to tell us that," said Miss Ham.

"I will tell you," said Porky Pig.

"Go on," squealed all the pigs.

"I don't want to go on," said Porky. "I'd rather stand still. I'm tired and I feel lazy and besides the farmer knows I'm here and I might miss him and some of his food if I went away."

"You wouldn't mind missing him, only his food," squealed Pinky Pig.

"My dear Pinky," said Grandfather Porky, "I am an honest pig and I don't pretend what I don't feel."

"You feel very little besides hunger," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"The same is true of you, dear Madame," said Grandfather Porky.

"Though it is true you do think of how much you can get away from others and how much you can eat in a hurry so no one can get it away from you," he added.

"And that is true of you too," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"I admit it," said Grandfather Porky. "I'm a regular pig. I'm not an unselfish little creature who says,

" 'Dear friend, divide this piece with me.' Gracious no, I don't say anything absurd like that.

"But I was going to tell you of all this foolish talking

that has been going on. The farmer and his wife are going to let the children go and visit some friends at the seashore and all the children have been doing has been to talk of the sea and how they can go in swimming and of how they can build sand castles, and of all such things.

"They've talked about glorious dips in the ocean and of how the waves would go over their heads and of how the clear, sparkling blue green ocean would make them feel so cool and so fresh on the hot days.

"They've said how lovely it would be to wade in and then to have a great breaker of water and foam dash over them.

"Well, it has been almost more than I could stand. Just think of what nonsense. They've been thinking of nothing but bathing, salt water bathing and swimming and diving and paddling and of such things.

"They haven't mentioned food, or mud or pigs or greediness or anything like that.

"They've talked about the ocean—which is nothing but a lot of water! Not even water to make mud, but water to bathe in and to swim in.

"It has been so silly. Well, I'm thankful to say that pigs aren't so silly. Pigs don't go down to the beaches and stand around and squeal about the beauty of salt water swimming.

"They don't go and talk about sand castles and breakers and waves. No, at least pigs have sense, good pig sense."

"They have that," agreed all the pigs, "they have that."

THE WINDOWS

"I DON'T think," said the dining-room window on the right, "that people appreciate us."

"You don't," said the dining-room window on the left, "and I don't either."

"I wonder," said the dining-room window on the right, "if you have been thinking what I have been thinking."

"I don't know, I am sure," said the dining-room window on the left. "But if you tell me of what you have been thinking then I can tell you.

"Yes, then I can tell you."

"Well," said the dining-room window on the right, "I've been thinking what a pity it was that people didn't appreciate us in the way of giving us a little praise for all we help them to see.

"They look out of us and they become very much interested in what is going on down the street or up the street or across the street.

"They look out of us and see whether it is raining or whether the sun is shining.

"They look out of us and see all sorts of delightful

and funny and interesting things but they don't say:

" 'Windows, you are such a help!'

"They don't say a word more for us than they do for walls. And they can't see out of walls and walls aren't always the same.

"Of course we are always the same in a way, too, but yet we are able to let them see all sorts of different things.

"Walls stay the same—unless they're repainted or re-papered or something of that sort. But one day they can look out of us and see a great downpour and the next they can see a sunny day.

"In the winter they can see the snow on the ground and on the trees and in the summer they can see the green leaves—though in the summer they open us all the way up or more than they do in the winter.

"Sometimes they complain if we're dirty and that is not our fault.

"We can't wash ourselves but we're always ready to be washed.

"No one ever heard a window scream or shriek or whine:

" 'I don't want to be washed! I don't want to be washed!'

"No, no one ever heard a window say that. So when they complain that we are dirty it is their fault and not ours.

"But dear me, we have feelings. If anyone gives us an

awful knock or throws something at us we will break—we have sensitive feelings like that.

"People, really, should say something kind about the way we give them so much pleasure."

"Just what I have been thinking," said the dining-room window on the left. "Yes, just what I have been thinking for a long time," the dining-room window on the left said again.

"People really should appreciate us by saying something nice about us once in a while."

"Just once in a while, that would do," said the dining-room window on the right.

THE WAVES

To the waves said old Mother Ocean,
"My children, why are you so rough?"
Said they, "Mother Ocean, we're really polite,
"These actions are naught but a bluff!"

"WELL," Mother Ocean said, "you bluff very well at times."

"We do," roared the waves; "we do." And their roaring laughter could be heard all about.

"You see," they said, "it is such fun to play and we have such jolly races with the Wind and with the Foam Brothers and with the Tide Twins.

"We have so many other playmates, too. There are the Mist Grandchildren and the Army of Raindrops and old man Wind and the Storm family.

"We adore the Storm family. They're always so ready to play the games which would tire out others.

"They don't get easily tired. The Storm family is a strong family. They've made themselves strong through so much exercising, though they have always been naturally strong, too.

"Then there are so many others. Oh, we have so many friends, Mother Ocean."

"Yes," said Mother Ocean, "my children are well liked. I cannot but say that.

"Everyone cares for you—or at least there are enough to care for you so you'll always have playmates.

"Sometimes I think your playmates are pretty rough, but then you always calm down again and know how to be quiet and well-mannered and restful.

"So I don't think your wild games do you any harm."

"We don't think so, either, Mother Ocean.

"Think of the times we're so still and when we just ripple and roll back and forth with smiles on our watery lips, but with no great roaring laughter coming from our throats.

"Think of the times when we love to hear the Moon tell us beautiful stories and when we like to smile at the stars and send them up our kisses by Mr. Wind and the Sky Messengers!

"Think of the times when we like to hear your stories and when we like to stay so quiet and dream away many a sunny day."

"Oh, yes," said Mother Ocean, "there are different kinds of things which you like besides playing. You like stories and sleep and rest and you like, too, to swing in your water hammocks, quite gently, back and forth.

"I'm not in the least worried about the games you play and the rough way you act at times, for after all,

the rough Waves are very beautiful, and people love to see a rough ocean once in a while.

"When you are rough you are really lovely, my children, and that can be said of very few people.

"Oh, yes, if creatures can be lovely when they are rough it is all right to be rough, but so few can. That is where the Waves are so smart, so smart.

"And, too, it makes you strong to play with the Storm family. I must always have strong children.

"One cannot think of a weak, sick ocean and feeble waves.

"Of course, when you're resting it is one thing, but when you are playing with the Storm family you want to be able to play well, too.

"I wouldn't want to hear people say that the poor Waves couldn't play with the Storm family any more because they were too weak and wretched.

"I wouldn't want that said at all, so when I tell you that I wish to ask you why you are so rough, I do not ask it because I mind it, but because I love your beautiful strength, my Wave children.

"Yes, I admire your wonderful, glorious, perfect strength, and your great, great, great beauty."

"We are so glad, Mother Ocean. And now you will see our strength this very day, for the Storm family is giving a party and every Wave is invited."

"Good," said Mother Ocean. "I shall roar with delight and laughter too.

"Have a fine time. my children, have a fine time."

THE WALKING FISH

FAR away went Billie Brownie. Far away from Brownieland and Fairyland and Elfland and Gnomeland to the shores of the Indian Ocean, and there he stopped, for he saw the creature upon whom he had come to call.

"Well, will you tell me your story?" Billie Brownie asked.

"Mother Nature told me you were interesting and unusual, and she said I could come and call on you."

"Did she?" asked the creature. "Very well, then, I will tell you my story. But I am rather surprised that we understand each other."

"That," said Billie Brownie, "is because Mother Nature gave me the power to understand her children and to be understood by them so I could tell others their stories.

"That is the reason we can understand each other."

"I see," said the creature. "And when I say I see, I mean more than you think.

"I have excellent eyes. My eyes move about in a quite unusual fashion.

"In fact the big, enormous, huge name wise people call me is the name of Periophthalmus, which means eyes that can move about.

"Now call me that name if you wish, but my easier, everyday name is that of Walking Fish."

"I much prefer to say Walking Fish," Billie laughed. "I don't believe I could ever manage the other.

"So now I know just what you are."

"Yes," said the Walking Fish, "you know. But my big name means one thing about me, and my everyday name means another thing about me which you might like to know.

"I can walk over the mud flats and around the roots of these trees and up the banks and along the shore.

"Damp air is what I want to breathe if I am not in the water, but damp air does almost as well for me as the water.

"Well, sometimes I am out of the water for six hours at a time. So you see it is quite true that I can breathe out of the water.

"You see my fins are a little like arms and so I can climb along the trees nicely.

"Now my tail helps me too when the rest of me wants to be in the air, and just my tail is in the water. My tail is so made that it enables me to breathe quite easily.

"Then I can use my eyes just as well in the water as out of it.

"So there you see I am, enjoying myself hugely, built interestingly and so that I can get about a bit.

"I don't just stay around in one place. I travel about a bit and explore.

"Sometimes I am called the Jumping Fish, and that is a good active name for a fish to have.

"Then again I am called the Mud Skipper, and that is rather a jolly, playful name to have, too.

"All in all I am well fortified with names and with ways of breathing in and out of the water, in damp air or all water, with a tail ready to do a lot of work, and arm-fins as useful as can be."

"Oh," said Billie Brownie, "I am so glad I have met you. It was quite worth the long trip in my airplane.

"But of course I was helped along by magic breezes as well as the real ones.

"Still it was a bit of a long trip, but to have seen you was worth it, Mr. Walking Fish, Jumping Fish, Mud Skipper, Periophthalmus."

AUSTRALIAN WATER RAT

SOME creatures may not think it is particularly fine to be a rat.

"But, then, you can't please everybody. In my rat way I have discovered that.

"We are enormous rats and to us that seems to be very splendid.

"We wouldn't want to be little rats. We would feel as though we weren't being given a full share of our rat rights.

"We would feel as though we had been cheated.

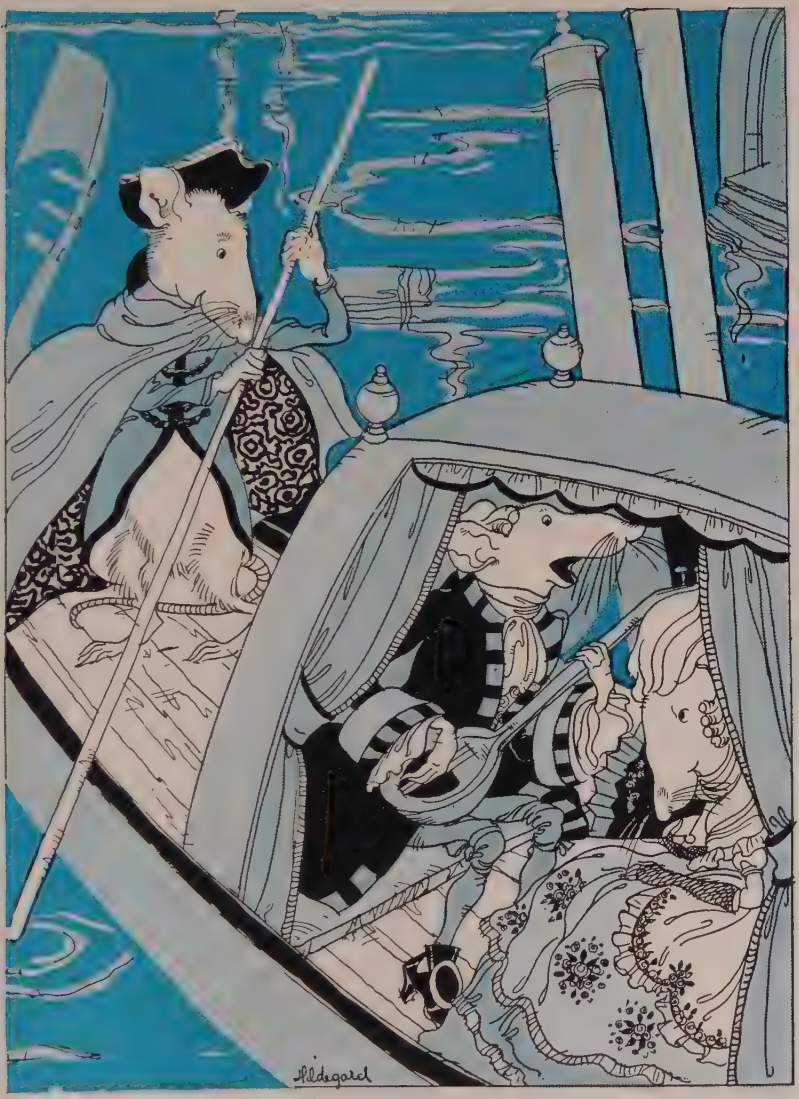
"But we haven't been cheated, for we have been given our full shares and we are big rats.

"Our tails are not quite as long as our bodies, but we don't mind that. We like to have our own special ways.

"We only like to travel about at night. Then it is that we find our food along the rivers.

"We like vegetables and little shell-fish. We eat well and enjoy our food, as every good rat should do.

"And perhaps every other good creature, for that matter!



"We only like to travel about at night."

"How we do love to swim and splash and play and have a good time in the water!

"Above everything in the world we love the water. It is our rat delight to play in it every night. We have games and plenty of fun.

"But though we have a lot of fun ourselves, we're shy. The big world and people and other creatures we feel we should keep away from.

"Maybe they're glad that we do. Maybe they would not want a lot of Water Rats coming to call on them.

"And if a lot of Water Rats surprised them by paying them a visit they might find it hard to be polite.

"They might not be able to say:

" 'Oh, this is such a pleasant surprise.'

"But we don't put them into any such corner, for we are so shy we stay away from them.

"We dress in dark colors, though we like to wear bright orange-brown waistcoats with touches of white.

"Half way down our tails—at the end part—we like white to be the rat fashion. So it is the rat fashion, for the last half of our tails will be found to be white.

"My whiskers are very fine, too. It is splendid to have whiskers. It lends style to my rat appearance.

"Of course, we have relatives who dress a little differently.

"They don't care for our color scheme, but that doesn't bother us.

"Now, I must join Mr. Water Rat Neighbors' Evening Splashing party.

"Ah, I can hear them now joining in the Great Rat Splashing chorus."

So Mr. Water Rat hurried along and joined the others in the Great Rat Splashing chorus, which went like this:

To be a rat
Is something that
  All creatures cannot be.

Perhaps they're glad,
But we're not sad
  That water rats are we.

We splash and play—
Not in the day—
  It's night when us you see.

But maybe you
Find you can't do
  This thing so easily.

For we're so shy
From you we'd fly;
  Perhaps that pleases thee!

But to be a rat
Is something that
  All creatures cannot be!

SWAMP WHITE OAK

"SOMETIMES," said the Swamp White Oak, "I've heard mothers telling their children they must not get their feet wet.

"Or, if they have got their feet wet, I hear them being told to come home at once and change their shoes and stockings so they will not catch cold.

"That seems so funny to me, so funny, Billie Brownie."

Billie Brownie had gone to call on the Swamp White Oak, and Billie was sitting curled up in one of its small branches.

Billie had not liked to say that he didn't care to stand in the swamp for he was afraid it might hurt the Swamp White Oak's tree feelings!

He thought perhaps it might be rude so he had said:

"Oh, may I sit on one of your branches? It would be so comfortable, I feel sure."

And the Swamp White Oak had agreed.

"Of course," Billie Brownie said, in answer to the Swamp White Oak's speech, "people do catch cold when they get their feet wet and you don't catch cold.

"If you sneezed and coughed and had to blow your nose you might feel different.

"That is the thing that happens when people catch cold and it is most uncomfortable.

"I've never seen a tree with a cold and I don't suppose a tree could have a cold.

"I've never heard that they sold handkerchiefs in stores for trees and I've never heard a tree sneeze, nor seen one blow its nose."

The Swamp White Oak laughed.

"No, we trees never catch cold. But, of course, all trees would not like it in the swamp as I do.

"I'm the special oak which likes swamp life. And I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. I amuse myself in all sorts of little ways.

"I shed my bark and it curls up and shows bright green underneath.

"It's rather an untidy habit but it amuses me. When I am young you do not notice this habit as my foliage covers all this up.

"But dear me, we can't all act just alike. What a dull world it would be if we did."

"There I agree with you absolutely," said Billie Brownie.

"I think," he added, "one of the reasons the world is so interesting is because so many of its creatures have different ways."

"But I gather from your remark," the Swamp White Oak said, "that you do not agree with me about wet feet!

"Nothing makes me happier than to stand in wet ground all the time.

"I was given the name of Swamp White Oak because I am a white oak tree which loves swamps.

"Yes, I like to stand in swamps and to feel the cool, wet ground under me.

"That is what I like above everything else, and when you see me or any of my family you will know how happy we are with our wet feet—or wet roots, perhaps you'd better say."

"Yes," said Billie Brownie to himself, after he had said good-by, "the world is filled with different tastes!"

LIBRARY FROLIC

IT WAS late in the evening and the library was closed at last. All day long people had come and gone. They had brought books with them and they had taken books away with them.

Oh, a very busy day it had been in the library.

Many had read books in the library, too, while they were there, and others had looked at magazines.

But at last, as I have said, it was dark in the library and everyone had gone home.

Everyone—everyone—except Billie Brownie. He had come to visit the library. He had hidden behind a huge dictionary, when they had been closing the library and looking around to see that all the readers had gone.

Sometimes readers forgot about the time and did not know they should be leaving, and they had to be told. But now every reader had gone—the library people had seen to that. But they had missed Billie Brownie, as he had meant it to be.

He had always somehow wanted to visit a library after all the people had gone. He had paid many visits and met many friends and heard so many secrets, but he

had never been in a library after it was dark, and when no one was in it.

Yes, he had paid many visits. He had watched so many interesting sights.

He had watched the birds as they learned to fly, he had seen how they could go only a little distance at a time, and how they had to try again and again until they could really become wonderful flyers.

He had talked with Mother Nature. Oh, Billie Brownie had had many a marvelous time.

But now he was in the library, and this was one of the things he had always longed to do. He wanted to be among the books all by himself.

He was not there very long when there came a huge volume down from the shelves, and he noticed that it had spread out its covers and was walking awkwardly about.

"Ha, ha, ha," said the big book, "would anyone ever think to see me now that I was Volume Four of an important English History set?

"Gracious, but they'd be surprised."

"I'm surprised," said Billie Brownie.

"Yes, of course you would be," said Volume Four, "and so would anyone, but we never give anyone the chance to be surprised. It would hurt our reputations, you know—children in school would not respect us the same way at lesson time if they were thinking of how we'd been hopping and skipping and jumping the evening before.

"And so we will never have a frolic unless we are alone —absolutely alone. You're the one exception. And that is only because you belong to the Fairyland people.

"Sometimes they've tried to see us after dark—the people. Yes, they've stayed and hidden and haven't been discovered when the library was being closed.

"But we always know, and we will never have a frolic as long as there is a single human being about, and we always, always know. They can never fool us. But I talk too much. It's like a history book to tell a lot of facts, you know. I must forget my job now and play, for we all need a playtime."

So the books got down from their shelves and began to frolic. The great big wise books danced and creaked and jumped and chased each other about, and Billie Brownie even saw a book of famous speeches playing leap-frog with a book of very serious poetry.

And such a noise as there was. The histories were especially noisy and the dictionaries scampered and played and actually giggled.

"We have to know it all the rest of the time," they said. "It is fun once in awhile not to have anyone looking you up to ask you this or that, and to know that you've got to tell them, and must know it!"

So the shelves were without the books, and all over the floor the books had their games. And when morning came and Billie Brownie was about to leave he saw them getting back into their shelf places and standing very straight and saying:

"We must look solemn and wise now. We must look solemn and wise."

But Billie Brownie had had the joy of seeing them during their playtime!

THE PLATYPUS

I DON'T believe any creature is just like me," said Mr. Platypus.

"I am," said Mrs. Platypus.

"I mean outside the family," said Mr. Platypus.

"Then you should have said what you meant in the first place instead of wasting all this valuable time," said Mrs. Platypus.

"Why is the time valuable and why shouldn't I waste it?" asked Mr. Platypus. "I am sure a platypus should have some rights in the world. He's a part of it."

"But a queer part," said Mrs. Platypus.

"You are as rude to yourself as you are to me when you say that," said Mr. Platypus, "so I don't mind."

"Glad of that," said Mrs. Platypus.

"Why is time valuable and why shouldn't I waste it if I want to?" asked Mr. Platypus.

"Because it is valuable, as the same time never comes again."

"Two o'clock comes every day at two o'clock and six o'clock comes every day at six o'clock, and eight o'clock comes every day at eight o'clock," said Mr. Platypus.

"But the eight o'clock of yesterday doesn't come back again. The time that has passed doesn't come back again. That's what I mean," said Mrs. Platypus. "Of course, I don't care if you waste the time, but some folks make a great fuss about time and whether it is wasted or not."

"Well, don't let us bother," said Mr. Platypus.

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. Platypus.

"I was saying," began Mr. Platypus, "that I don't believe there are any other creatures like our family. Now I am a mixture of animal and fish and bird. I have a bill like a duck and my feet are web feet. My tail is queer and horny.

"I like to live by the sea or else in the forests. There is a good variety for you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Platypus.

"I'm very, very odd. When I'm pleased I rub my back on a rock. I dive very well, too.

"Now, some creatures, when they're pleased, laugh; others smile, some jump up and down with joy. Some chuckle and some grunt and some sniff with pleasure.

"Some whistle and some talk cheerfully. All of these things are very usual to do. I wouldn't do them because they are so usual.

"It isn't every creature, as I said before, that can be fish and animal and bird at the same time. I can swim, and yet I enjoy the forests as I said before, too.

"And as I'm different from all other creatures I should behave differently."

"And you do," said Mrs. Platypus.

"And so do you," said Mr. Platypus.

"Well," he continued, "if I were but a bird I would sing and do things like that.

"If I were but a fish I would swim and look at creatures out of my glassy eyes.

"If I were but a land animal I would walk about and get my food and become friendly with many men and women and children—if I were a friendly sort of animal.

"But as I'm a platypus and as even my name is different I must do everything in an unusual and interesting way.

"It strikes me that the most interesting thing I do is the way I show how joyful I am.

"And you show how joyful you are in the same way.

It takes a creature with some brains to think of being cheerful in the way I am.

"Some creatures wouldn't think of rubbing their backs against a stone to show they were happy. It would never enter the heads of some creatures, if any.

"I can't imagine the creature they call a child for instance saying:

" 'Oh, goodie, I have a new toy, I am so delighted. I must at once find a rock and rub my back up against it to show how pleased I am.' "

"I can't imagine a child saying that, from what I've heard of them," said Mrs. Platypus.

"Ah, be thankful you're a platypus, as I am thankful, and let us rub our backs on yonder rocks."

Which, without another word, they did.

DIFFERENT PEAS

"I NEVER could see the sense," said one of the Peas in the pod, "why people said, 'They're as like as two peas.' "

"I don't just understand," said one of the other Peas.

"If two Children or two Grown-Ups should be exactly alike in looks and ways—especially in looks, then everyone makes this silly remark about these two and they say, 'They're as like as two Peas.' "

"Well," said the second Pea. "I don't think that is so silly. We are alike. There is no getting away from that fact. No one ever mistook us for beans or potatoes for instance. No, we look like Peas and we are Peas."

"Ah, but you don't understand," said the first Pea.

"What don't I understand?" said the second Pea.

"Of course," continued the first Pea, "we do not look like beans. Neither do we resemble the potatoes. And I very much doubt if anyone would come up to us and say,

" 'Well, how about having a few radishes today.' "

At that all the other Peas laughed. Have you ever seen

a Pea laugh? They fall around and sometimes roll off a table in laughing so hard.

"Then," asked the rest of the Peas, "why are you making such a fuss—calling folks silly and so forth?"

"Because," continued the first Pea. "We may not be beans. We may not be potatoes. We must never be taken for these vegetables. But—and here comes my point. It is a very fine one, so don't miss it!"

All the Peas jostled nearer and listened. "You see," the first Pea went on to say, "we are Peas and nothing else but we're not so much like each other as to have folks say, 'They're as like as two Peas.' That is what I object to. Just look at the little Pea who was lying near me in the pod. He was as small as could be—while I am a great, big Pea! I am as big as a Pea can be. You'd never say we were so alike, would you?"

"Never," answered the other Peas, and the little Pea looked quite sad.

"And then, way up in one corner of the Pod, little Peter Pea was getting all wrinkled up worrying as to what would happen to him when he came out of the pod. Of course nothing could happen to him, as he is too dried up to eat. But, no one could say we are alike, could they?"

"They certainly couldn't," said the Peas.

"Now, you see I am showing you how wrong they are, and how right I am."

"We all see," the Peas answered as they shook about a little.

"Just imagine for a moment, if we said: 'They're as like as two Children.' Wouldn't everyone be angry?"

"They would," said the Peas.

"And rightly, too. It would be most unfair, for Children are very different. There are fat children, thin ones, tall ones, short ones. There are children who cry very often, and those who scarcely ever do at all. There are children with light hair and those with dark."

"Well," said one of the other Peas, "we haven't any hair at all."

"True, true," said the Speaker Pea, "but we are of different sizes, and there are different families of us. We, to be sure, are called the Telephone Peas. A fine modern name we have. But we are not all alike. There are thin ones and fat ones in our family—we're quite, quite different."

"Well," suggested one of the other Peas, "let's start a brigade, and call ourselves 'The Different Peas,' and we shall whisper as we're being eaten, 'Peas are not alike. They are quite different. There are thin ones, fat ones, delicious ones, and dried up ones.' We'll just see if that won't make a difference."

"A fine scheme," said the first Pea. "When our sizes are so different we should not be thought so alike!"

THE VILLAGE CLOCK

"WELL," said the village clock as some of the brownies climbed up to the tower upon which it stood and took seats around on a tiny balcony.

"Well what?" asked the brownies.

"Well," said the village clock, "it's enough to begin with one word. When I continue I use more words and before I have finished I have used many. But I begin with one. It's all that is necessary and so why should I bother about more?"

"True," said Billie Brownie, "but most folks don't stop after their first word. They go on and on and on. Sometimes they talk for ever so long. In fact until everyone has forgotten that they ever had a first word."

"I am the village clock. I am not 'most folks.' And what is more, I wouldn't want to be for anything in the world."

"Could you be if you wanted?" asked Bennie Brownie.

"Don't be rude, little boy," said the clock. "I'm not saying whether I couldn't or whether I could. It's not a matter for discussion."

"Whatever do you mean by discussion?" asked one of the very young brownies.

"Talk, my child," said the clock. "Talk and discussion mean just about the same. Sometimes, though, a discussion may be an argument and sometimes an argument may mean a quarrel. So discussion has all sorts of possibilities which talk hasn't got. Yes, I'd rather be discussion than talk if I were a word. It has more chances in life."

Billie and Bennie Brownie were laughing so hard, they were almost afraid they would burst their sides. The clock was putting on such airs and trying to be so very learned and wise.

"Could you be a word if you wanted to be?" asked the youngest brownie of all.

"I am a word," said the clock. "And a fine word I am, too. The word which I am is clock, little brownie. Yes, clock is certainly a word and that word means nothing else but me—or else one of my family.

"And such a fine family as I belong to. We keep the time. We don't care for people if they won't obey us. Do you suppose for one minute when anyone is late we'll move back? Not a bit of it.

"That's what it means to belong to the family of clocks. Of course there are clocks that get out of order and stop, but that's only because they have something the matter with their works. We won't stop for anything else. We sometimes have to be wound up, but as for stopping because someone was late and didn't want to be! Goodness,

we'd never do that. And when any of our family has to go to the clock mender's or be wound up, the time goes on just the same.

"Yes, we have to be put ahead with the time. But I am a fortunate clock. I am the village clock.

"Folks set their watches by me. I'm the right time, I am. Children hurry by me when they're on their way to school, and they say, 'Oh, dear, that clock seems to hurry along so. We may be late.'

"I'm really just going at my usual rate. I don't go by fits and starts. I'm regular. But the greatest honor of all was paid to me this spring."

"What was that?" asked Bennie Brownie.

"Yes, do tell us," said Billie Brownie.

They both knew perfectly well, but they wanted the clock to tell them.

"It was really what I was going on to say when I began talking by saying, 'Well.' I was going to say, 'Well, at last it has happened. They have lighted up my face.'

"You see I strike every hour to let folks know the time, but it's nice to be able to see me in the evening between the hours.

"I'm lighted up, I am, and can be seen by daylight or electric light at night. That shows what an honorable clock I am, and how important I am. I'm the village clock and they've lighted up my face so they can always see me—any time of the day or night."

And the brownies all agreed that it was a great honor to be a village clock!

THE PROUD BOOTS

HELLO, right boot."

"Hello, left boot."

"Hello, hello, hello."

So the boots squeaked and creaked while Eric slept so soundly in bed. They had been put side by side, quite carefully, at the foot of Eric's bed, on the floor.

"Wasn't that the best compliment you ever received?" asked the first boot.

"It most certainly was," said the second boot. "And wasn't it the best compliment you ever received too?"

"Indeed it was," said the first boot.

"We both got exactly the same compliment," said the right boot, which had been the speaker called the second boot, while the left boot had been the speaker called the first boot.

"We did," said the left boot. "Neither of us can be envious or jealous of the other. We were spoken of together."

"In the very same breath," said the right boot.

"In the very same word," said the left boot.

"We didn't have big photographs taken," said the right boot.

"Well, we're not big boots," said the left boot. "We belong to Eric, and Eric is a boy, not a big man. Some day, of course, if all goes well, he will be a big man."

"Why do you say, 'if all goes well'?" asked the right boot.

"It makes my conversation sound so much finer," said the left boot. "I must be very careful where I walk—that is, I must be very careful how I talk. The words rhyme, you know."

"I know now you tell me," said the right boot, "but boots don't as a rule know much about poetry. We're not high up enough for poetry. Poetry is usually written about clouds and the sky. We are simple boots, quite satisfied to walk our humble way along the earth or the floors."

"We walk where Eric has us walk," said the left boot.

"That's true enough," agreed the right boot.

"How did it all come about?" asked the left boot.

"What are you talking about?" asked the right boot.

"The photographs, of course," said the left boot. "You were listening then better than I was, for I was standing on my toe and trying not to fall over. I wasn't paying much attention to anything else for a minute."

"You mean," said the right boot, "that Eric was standing on one toe, and as you were new you were hoping he wouldn't fall over and get you all dusty."

"You're right," said the left boot. "So tell me all about

it. I like to hear even what I know for it makes me so proud."

"I'm glad to tell it to you," said the right boot, "for it makes me proud, too.

"Eric's daddy had just bought him a new pair of boots —ourselves, in fact. Eric was delighted, as any boy should have been. In fact he was so pleased that he wanted to go and have his photograph taken, so he could send it to his Aunt Edie, who was away.

"He said that he wanted to have a photograph taken of his new boots before they all wore out and he was sure his Aunt Edie would be glad to see what they looked like.

"Now that was the kind of modesty which it is nice to see in a boy. He didn't say he wanted to have a photograph taken of his face like so many people would.

"No, he wanted to have a photograph taken of his boots—of us. That was enough to make us proud, and proud we should be.

"To be sure a photograph was not taken of us at the photographer's shop, but they did take a picture of us with a camera and it's going to Eric's Aunt Edie.

"Yes, we have been paid a great compliment. We have had our picture taken and there is a boy who thinks more of having photographs taken of nice boots than he does of having his eyes and his nose and his mouth and his hair photographed, which is so usual a way to take a photograph! We're honored boots, we are!"

"We are indeed," said the other boot.

THE PUZZLED TRAIN

I CANNOT understand it," said the Engine to the Coal Car, and one of the Passenger Cars.

They were waiting to go on another journey, but for the time being, they were resting.

"It seems so ridiculous to me," said the Engine. "Now I heard the conductor just as plainly as plainly could be, when he called outside the train, just as he had said, All Aboard.

" 'This train only makes one stop.' "

"Yes," said the Passenger Car, "he came inside and said that, too."

"He said it and he must have meant what he was saying," the Engine continued, "and yet it is very, very puzzling, for we made many more stops than that.

"It wasn't my fault. I was supposed to stop more than once. I don't know why, but I was supposed to, and so I did. I try to be a good, obedient Engine."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Coal Car. "That sounds funny."

"But isn't it the truth?" asked the Engine.

"Quite true," said the Passenger Car, "don't let the Coal Car tease you."

"Yes," continued the Engine, "I was told to stop at all these other places.

"First of all, I stopped outside the city limits. I was sorry I had to do that, because I believe we didn't wait for a train from the West which we were supposed to connect with. If we'd waited in the station as long as we did outside the city limits (for no reason at all that I could make out) those passengers could have caught the train.

"Then we waited for a long time for another train to pass us by.

"That was only safe and wise and sensible, for I would not have cared to have bumped into that other train."

"I should say I wouldn't have cared to be jolted, either," said the Coal Car.

"No more would I have cared for it," agreed the Passenger Coach.

"But still," the Engine went on, "that was another stop. An important one, a necessary one, but still it was another stop. And it wasn't the stop the conductor had called out, for that was a town we stopped at half-way on our journey.

"Then we stopped by a red barn. Why, I don't know. We stopped by a deserted farmhouse, too. We stopped by an old woodshed, and we stopped near a field of corn.

"We stayed for a long time by a vegetable patch and yet we hadn't stopped for vegetables.

"We stopped by a windmill, and we stopped by an

apple orchard. We stopped by a junction which wasn't supposed to be one of our stops.

"We stopped by some crosstracks, and we stopped by a hop field.

"We stopped by an old stump, and we stopped by some woods.

"In fact, we made fully a dozen or more stops which the conductor hadn't mentioned."

"Do you suppose he could have forgotten them?" asked the Coal Car.

"Perhaps that does explain it," said the Passenger Car.

"It is certainly very, very puzzling. He should have called out all those other stops, and as we came near the red barn where we stopped, he should have shouted:

" 'The next stop is a Red Barn. Next stop—Red Barn.' "

"That would have been much better," said the Engine. "Much Better."

"Much Better," agreed the Coal Car.

"But it is still very, very puzzling," said the Engine. "Certainly our lives are exciting. We dash through the country and then we stop at unexpected places.

"Truly there is nothing dull about being an Engine."

"Nor about being a Coal Car," the Coal Car said.

"Nor about being a Passenger Car, and seeing all the different people, and their bundles," said the Passenger Car.

THE SAND FAIRIES

"OLD DR. MUD was very angry and we had to have a talk with him," said one of the Sand Fairies. "He talked about the fact that he had heard of children making sand pies instead of mud pies and he felt quite upset for a while. He said it had come to a pretty pass when children gave up making mud pies for sand pies when mud pies for years and years and years had been so important and so fine.

"Of course I explained to him that he mustn't feel hurt. He asked me how he could help but feel hurt and I told him that down by the sea the children didn't have mud to make mud pies with and so they used the sand to make sand pies with. He said that was quite different and he didn't feel angry or hurt any more.

"He hadn't realized that by the ocean there was only sand and no mud such as he has.

"And I told him how the children made the sand into sand pies with the aid of old Mother Ocean and he was quite interested, for that is how the children do make the sand pies.

"And such sand pies as they do make—many, many sand pies. And they often put the pies in the sand castles they build so that the sand people they make can have sand pies to eat!

"But, come, Sand Fairies, all of the rest of you, come and play. The Breaker Boys are very anxious to play hop, skip and jump with us. Mostly they want to play the jump part.

"They want to dash high in the air, and the Spray Grandchildren are all about longing for a great game.

"Old Man Wind is around, old Nurse Fog is, too, the White Capped Boys are ready—everyone is ready for a great and wild game.

"We will be washed out and back again, and we will feel the great and wonderful waves dashing over us.

"We will taste the salt taste of our beloved old Mother Ocean and her children.

"We will feel the white billowy foam going over us.

"Come, Sand Fairies, come all, for we're to have a great Ocean Storm right here on the beach, right along the coast.

"And the people will watch us and will say:

" 'What a summer day!' And they will also exclaim:

" 'Oh, look at the waves! Aren't they huge! And how they dash over the beach. And over the rocks. How high they are! As high as cottages and as high as houses. And see the Spray!'

"That will rejoice the Spray Grandchildren. They love to be noticed too!

"Come, Sand Fairies, all of you come and join in the great storm."

And all of the Sand Fairies said that they were ready.

The Breaker Boys ran races as they dashed in over the beach. The Spray Grandchildren rose high in the air, tossed up on the shoulders of the Breaker Boys.

Old Mother Ocean laughed and chuckled in her great deep roaring voice and the White Capped Boys whispered wildly to old King Foam:

"Stay around, stay around, we need you and we love you!"

And old Man Wind roared and blew and said:

"This does my windy heart good. I am delighted with this. I am simply deligted with a storm like this.

"It makes me feel so fresh and strong and well. It is good for the wind to exercise!"

And the Sand Fairies laughed with glee, and said:

"Ah, what fun this is, and how nice it is that there are so many of us to enjoy a storm such as the dear old Mother Ocean and her friends are giving us now.

"And while the children are looking at the storm we wonder if there are any of them who know what a great lark all the Ocean family and friends are having today, what a great and glorious game!

"We believe they do for they're admiring us and not grumbling about the weather. They understand we're having a party, a most wonderful party.

"Yes, they understand their friends the Sand Fairies, and they know that they're having fun, great fun!"

MR. DOWNY WOODPECKER

"GOSSIP," said Mr. Downy Woodpecker, "is wrong. Yes, Mrs. Downy, it is wrong. More than that, it is unfair. More than that, it is untrue. More than that, it is unkind."

"Gracious," said Mrs. Downy, "it is a great deal to be more than all those things you've mentioned. But," she said, with a sweet smile upon her beak, "I understand what you mean. Our family has been gossiped about. Alas! how often I've heard people say that we're like our cousins, the Sapsuckers, because we bore into the tree, so folks think, for sap. If they'd only come and look at our tongues they'd see how wrong this is. They'd see that our barbed tongues would never do for that.

"But do you suppose they bother? Not a bit of it. They cling to the old, old story. And they don't care about being set right. Why, it's a surprise to me that folks don't come around and say, 'Hey, there, Mrs. Downy, let's have a look at your tongue to see if all this talk is gossip or not.'

"That is what I should think they would say, so they

would make sure whether their stories were true or not.

"I've known so many people and creatures who have repeated what they've heard without bothering to find out in the first place whether it was true or not.

"That's such a mistake.

"So much trouble can be caused that way.

"But I must tell you how much I think of the lady who lives in that white house yonder. She doesn't gossip. She doesn't complain. But she does say how nice things are.

"You know there are some people who like to say how nice things are and others who really hate to admit that everything is all right. They would rather complain

and wish they had something else or that things were different.

"That I cannot understand.

"Now the lady in the white house is getting ready for some visitors. She is picking flowers so as to make their rooms look bright and gay, for she says they come from the city, where there are no flowers, or rather I should say gardens with flowers.

"And I've heard her say, 'Look at the little woodpeckers, having such a good time.' She has put out bread crumbs and suet and a little pan of water and is offering them to any bird visitors who may come to call on her.

"But, oh, I do wish folks would see that our tongues are different from the way they must think them to be in order to tell the gossipy story which some of them do tell."

"To be sure we don't stick out our tongues rudely, but we would show by the way we bore into trees which have live wood for the delicious milky drinks to be found inside, or in dead wood for little delicious bugs, that we aren't harmful sapsuckers. They'd see if only they'd look.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Downy, "just as I say, gossip is wrong." He was perched on the side of a tree, making a great deal of racket, and Mrs. Downy was on the other side of the tree. He wore a handsome suit, so Mrs. Downy thought, of black and white, with a very dashing red patch of feathers at the back of his head. Mrs. Downy's dress was much the same in color, but she didn't

wear the red feathers, because she wanted her Downy mate to be the more stylish of the two.

"I love people," said Mr. Downy. "I like a sociable life. I enjoy making a noise, drumming for food, and drumming for love," he added softly. Mrs. Downy put her head on one side, shyly.

"We're not like the quarrelsome sparrows," said Mrs. Downy. "Let's sing a song and give a band concert or a drum concert to tell folks we like company."

So Mr. and Mrs. Downy began beating their drums on the bark of the tree and many of their family joined them. Mr. Downy led the band, singing gaily:

I beat a drum, and so do we all,
  My drum is the bark of a tree,
And if you come around some day
  I'll rub-a-dub-dub for thee.

MR. ELAND

DID you know that there was a young eland in the family?" boasted Mr. Eland to his neighbor in the zoo.

"Is that so?" asked the neighbor.

"It is," said Mr. Eland. "I am a truthful animal."

"Ah," said Mrs. Blessbok, an antelope from South Africa, who was always rather delicate in captivity; "ah," she said in a soft voice, "that is very interesting." She waved her head with its two big horns and looked down at her brown body. Her white nose she couldn't quite see, but the white of her legs she could gaze upon admiringly.

Mr. Nilgai, from the plains of North India, waved his head. He hadn't any horns worth speaking of to wave.

"That is fine, fine," he said. "My congratulations, good sir."

"That's all right, if you like it," said the gnu, a rather discontented, bored creature.

His hips were queer and his nose even more so, and his eyes looked out upon a world which he thought didn't amount to much.

"I do think it is nice," said Mr. Eland.

"I congratulate you," said the Blue Buck.

"So do I," said the Roan Antelope with the very big horns.

"You are all good to give your best wishes," said Mr. Eland.

His great long horns were curved. He was brown, with dark brown around his knees and at the end of his tail.

"My home," he said, "was on the plains of eastern central Africa. There I used to live before I came to the zoo."

"How could you have lived in the eastern part if you lived in the central part?" asked the gnu.

"Quite simple," said Mr. Eland.

"It doesn't sound simple to me," said the gnu, "unless you stretched your head in one direction—toward the east and your body in the center of the country."

"No," said Mr. Eland, "I didn't have to do all that. I simply lived in a section of the country that was pretty near the central part, but which was somewhat nearer the east than the west."

"Sounds as clear as mud," said the gnu.

"Mud is never clear," said the eland.

"Of course, it's not," said the gnu. "That is what I meant about what you said. It's not in the least clear."

So Mr. Eland tried to explain once more, but he was so much more interested in talking about the young eland that he wasn't very good on explanations.

"Just think!" he said, "he will some day have great

long horns, like his daddy, and they will be curved, and he will be as handsome as I am."

"You don't like yourself, do you?" asked the gnu.

"Every parent," he said, "likes to think his child looks like him, though it may not be a compliment to the child. A parent doesn't mean it conceitedly."

"Humph!" said the gnu. "I've heard and I know that the Mrs. Antelopes look after the young, and that the keeper often separates the Mr. Antelopes then. Isn't that true of you?"

"My dear!" said Mr. Eland.

"What are you calling me 'my dear' for?" asked the gnu.

"I meant to say, 'My dear sir,' " said Mr. Eland.

"Oh, that is different; go on with what you had to say."

"I'm an antelope, of course," said Mr. Eland, "but I am not talking about bringing up the young. I am talking of how fine my child is going to be. His mother can look after him better than I can, to be sure.

"There is the Beatrix Antelope, who has had four babies; one in the yard opposite is her own baby. Their family has two long straight horns, and they come from South Arabia."

"I see," said the gnu, "you are changing the subject so I will listen to you and not ask questions?"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Eland, "let me boast of my son, for it does my eland heart good to think of what he will be. Mrs. Eland will see that he comes through the baby

days all right and that he learns his manners and eland ways."

And all the animals said: "Congratulations. Let's talk of what your son will be like." And Mr. Eland was very happy.

HELPFUL BIRDS

I WAS very much pleased by something I heard the other day," chirped Mr. Robin Red Breast.

"Tell it to me," chirped Mrs. Robin Red Breast.

"It's quite a long story, but I will tell it to you if you would like to hear it," said Mr. Robin Red Breast.

"I would, indeed, no matter how long it is," said Mrs. Robin Red Breast.

"I heard a farmer talking to another farmer, and they had a book before them with a lot of figures in it. I couldn't understand the figures, but I heard what they had to say. I can hear better than I can read."

"So can I," agreed Mrs. Robin Red Breast, "and so can all of our family."

"The farmer was telling the other farmer that some one had said that grasshoppers had eaten beans in the vegetable garden, nibbled the leaves from the fruit trees, when they were young, eaten the fruit, nibbled at apples and peaches and plums and had killed any amount of good fruit.

"He also told how different insects hurt the bark of his trees, and how they had destroyed fields of oats, and

that beetles had done a great deal of harm to his asparagus.

"The white grubs had hurt his potatoes and codling moths had spoiled his apples.

"He went on to say that all of this could happen and had happened and would happen in the future, especially so if people didn't realize that the birds were their friends and what they nibbled in the way of a cherry now and again was as nothing compared to the great good they did."

Mrs. Robin Red Breast pruned her feathers and looked very happy.

"The farmer said that we had been watched as a family and that one of us had been seen to eat a thousand cutworms in two weeks and 500 in one week. Every one ought to know, the farmer said, of the great harm that cutworms did to crops and of the great help we were to those who had farms and fruit orchards and vegetable gardens.

"Then the other farmer said he had heard that a Mr. and Mrs. Phoebe Bird he knew often took to their children in the nest 20 insects in a little over half an hour.

"He said that the insects they ate were harmful ones, too.

"I also heard them say that the blackbirds would get rid of the insects in a field where there was hay and grain, but that often people thought what the blackbirds took amounted to more. That was wrong and people were beginning to know that the creatures who could do harm

to the crops were the locusts and grasshoppers and other little insects."

"They really know now of the good we try to do?" asked Mrs. Robin Red Breast.

"They seem to," said Mr. Robin Red Breast, "and they say that people are going to protect the birds more and more and do nice, kind things for them to bring them around the houses and farms."

"How nice that will be," said Mrs. Robin Red Breast. "We so enjoy being helpful because we are having nice meals and yet doing good work at the same time."

"We're happy doing it and they're happy having it done, so that ought to be fair enough," said Mr. Robin Red Breast.

"It's a great comfort to think, when the summer is over and when it is time to move, that we've added to our friends and that more people know us and like us."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Robin Red Breast, "and it thrills me to think that people are beginning to see what birds do in the way of destroying harmful insects. It's splendid to see that they now know we're helpful."

So Mr. Robin Red Breast sang a song of joy and Mrs. Robin Red Breast sang with him, too.

Some of the other birds asked why they were singing such a joyous song, and when the robins told the other birds they all joined in a beautiful chorus, so that people said:

"Listen to the lovely bird concert."

BENGAL TIGERS

I'VE little use for mild, quiet nice creatures who won't get angry and who have no sense about what is fun and what isn't," said the Bengal tiger.

"I should really be called Royal Bengal tiger for that is what I am. My home is in India. I'm wild and I can be so cruel and I'm dangerous. Oh, it is thrilling to be as dangerous as I am.

"And I'm so beautiful too, so beautiful and bad! My head is so lovely and my face is so perfectly marked. The stripes on my face are so wonderful and help give a fine expression to my wild, wild eyes.

"I don't usually go after people if they leave me alone —that is, I don't go out of my way for them unless I'm hungry. Then I do, by all means. I wouldn't let people stand in my way if I were hungry. I should say not. I would get them out of my way by eating them up, ha ha!" And the tiger gave a great roar which made people shiver as they watched him.

"Yes," said the second tiger, "we are wild. We like to kill oxen and other animals and then to eat them quickly, for the taste is so good then.

"We're not against killing and eating people either, as you say, though we're more for animals. We get the better of creatures too; we can climb trees which the old lions can't do.

"When our mates are looking after the young, they eat everything and kill everything that comes anywhere near them so as to keep the little ones safe and to provide the larder with food.

"Old elephants aren't so afraid of us as they should be. Every creature should be afraid of us."

"That's so," said the first tiger, "there are some creatures who aren't as afraid as they should be, such as the elephants. But there are enough creatures who're afraid of us to make us good and happy."

"We're not always fair about fighting, ah, no," said the second tiger, "and we're treacherous and we love to fight for the sake of fighting and also for the sake of getting so much to eat that we can't eat any more. We're greedy too, ah, yes."

"That's the way to be," said the first tiger. "We should continue to be like this, to be wild and dangerous. Then we see that no one takes advantage of us.

"It's all very well for some creatures to become tame and friendly and to be loved in consequence, but what do we care about love and friendship and such things? We're too wild and we become too angry and we are terrible and powerful and yet we are beautiful and interesting so that folks standing before our cages admire us.

"Ah yes, they admire us immensely. They're glad

we're not around loose, but they like to stand and gaze at us, and I'm sure many of them almost envy our wildness!

"They say we're terrible but still they think we're marvelous, I'm sure. I can tell from the way they look at us. And oh, how they like to see us fed, almost as much as we like to be fed.

"Some creatures haven't enough spirit to be anything wild or terrific or anything but mild and tame and all that, but often I think they envy us."

"You've said that a number of times," said the second tiger, "but it is very true."

Just then the keeper came about and fed the animals. What roars and what wild sounds they made as they crunched and munched and chewed the great big bones of meat which were thrown to them.

And later, much later, the two Bengal tigers who had been talking took a nap, but even in their sleep they looked as though at a moment's notice they could be awake, and wide awake at that! And ready, too, for anything that would turn up.

But nothing happened to wake them up ahead of time, so instead they kept on sleeping with their beautiful heads on their beautiful paws and they dreamed and dreamed of the days in the wild forests when there were no bars in front of them and no cages and when they were free to go about and enjoy and do such damage as they wanted to without anyone to stop them!

SUN'S SAD THOUGHTS

THE Sun was up and the fairies were playing. They were talking among themselves of the beautiful sunrise there had been that morning and they were saying how glorious old Mr. Sun was anyway.

"Well, that cheers me up a little," said Mr. Sun, smiling at the fairies.

"As a matter of fact," said the little fairies, "you don't look very happy today. What is the trouble? Your face is covered with clouds and yet you are up and supposed to be shining. Now if you were completely hidden, we would simply know that you had gone off to have a party behind the clouds, and that the King of the Clouds was going to take your place."

"No, he is busy today," said Mr. Sun. "I am here instead. But it is true I am not so very happy. I have been thinking."

"Well," said Fairy Princess Joy, "thinking shouldn't make you sad. Thinking should make you happy and merry and gay. You mustn't think sad thoughts. Why don't you just think of the beautiful earth and the won-

derful flowers you help grow and the children you make strong and well?"

"Yes," said Fairy Princess Twilight-Bell, "you have often told us how these things made you ever so happy. You have also said how you helped the doctors cure the ill people with your healthy rays of strong light and warmth. Why are you sad?"

"Well," said Mr. Sun, as he began to shine more brightly, "it is just this way."

"Tell us," said all the fairies. And they sat down to listen to Mr. Sun.

"I felt sad," said Mr. Sun, "because no one was around to see me this morning—at least very, very few. And to tell the honest truth, that is the way it is almost every morning."

"Do you like to be seen so much?" asked Fairy Princess Joy, as she smiled a little.

"No one can help seeing you," said Fairy Princess Twilight-Bell, "if one is up."

"That's just the point," said Mr. Sun. "They don't care about my getting up. They aren't glad to see me and it makes me sad. They seem to mind having me leave them in the late afternoon. They like it when the days are longer, they say. But when I get up in the morning, no one cares."

"That is because most folks are sleeping then," said Fairy Ybab laughing, "and folks love to sleep."

"Do they love sleep better than they love me?" asked the Sun.

"No," said Ybab, "sleep is different. They are tired and they need the rest you know and probably they are having pleasant dreams."

"Oh, I see," said the Sun. "But lately it has been hurting my feelings because I thought that the children and grown-ups just pretended they liked me. They were all about in the late afternoon admiring me as I was putting on my bright night-robe, for I have been wearing it lately. And then in the morning no one was around!"

"Poor Mr. Sun," said the fairies.

"And," continued Mr. Sun, "I heard so much about 'sun-set' and 'sun-down,' and not a single word about 'sun-up.' "

"It's true," laughed the fairies. "We don't hear very often about sun-up, and yet we hear so much about sun-set. Well, Mr. Sun, people do love you even if they don't get up in time to see you get up."

"But I come up with fine colors," said Mr. Sun.

"We know you do," said the fairies. "But you see people do not go to bed as early as you do and they must sleep later."

"Why can't they go to bed when I do?" asked the Sun.

"Because they must pay a little attention to old Mr. Moon and their hours for getting up and going to bed are quite different from yours."

"But you are sure they love me and like my warmth?" asked the Sun.

"Quite, quite sure," said the fairies, and Mr. Sun began to shine as brightly as ever.

ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS

I AM a great beast," said the one-horned rhinoceros, "and I hope that all know it."

"If you talk so loud all will know it," said the African two-horned rhinoceros. "Well, I have two horns and you only have one. And I am from Africa and you are from India. I am a Miss Rhinoceros and you're a Mr. Rhinoceros. My real name is Victoria, a very beautiful name, I consider."

"Oh, what do I care about a name?" said the one-horned rhinoceros. "A name means so little."

"But you wouldn't like to be called Two-horned Rhinoceros, would you?" asked the African two-horned rhinoceros.

"Good gracious, no," said the one-horned rhinoceros.

"Well, you aren't very polite," said the African two-horned rhinoceros.

"But no matter," she continued. "I've caught you in the trap I laid for you."

"Trap, trap," said the one-horned rhinoceros. "What trap? Is there a trap around me or will I fall into one? Tell me what you have done?"

"Be calm, be calm," said the two-horned rhinoceros. "I have not set a trap where your body will be caught, but I set a trap where you would say one thing one moment and another the next."

"Sounds rather queer," said the one-horned rhinoceros, who was greatly relieved that the trap was merely that sort.

"What did you say or what did I say so that you consider I'm in a trap?"

"I said that I had a very beautiful name, and that Victoria was what I was called, and you said you didn't care for names, that they meant so little. And yet you said that you wouldn't want to be called an African two-horned rhinoceros. So you do care for names, you see, and I caught you in my trap. I knew I would get you to admit you cared for names. I knew I would."

"Ah," said the one-horned rhinoceros, "but I do not care about names such as Victoria or Angelica or Veronica or Violet or Sarah or Sally. But I like to be known for the creature I am. I'm not an African two-horned rhinoceros, and so I don't want to be known as such. I am an Indian one-horned rhinoceros, and so I like to be called that. Otherwise folks wouldn't know who I am. I am as a person might be—say a boy, for example. He mightn't care especially whether he was called Billy, or Johnny, or Jimmy, but he wouldn't want to be called a girl or a little baby when he was a boy. And a little girl wouldn't want to be called a boy or an old gentleman when she was a little girl.

"So I don't care what creatures call me, as far as a first name is concerned, but I do care to be called an Indian one-horned rhinoceros, when I am one. I am the largest of all rhinoceroses. I belong to a big and noble, large-sized family."

"You don't have to be large-sized in order to be noble," said the two-horned rhinoceros.

"Maybe not in some cases, but it all goes together in mine," said the Indian one-horned rhinoceros. "I am five feet six inches in shoulder height, and ten feet six inches from the end of my nose to the tip of my tail. My one beautiful horn is twelve inches long. And my skin is gloriously thick and is divided into large sections by thinner portions of skin. You're much the same all over."

"Yes, and my disposition is always much the same," said the two-horned rhinoceros. "I am very good tempered. I take to the life of the zoo with great ease. In fact, I'm happy and enjoy myself. I like my keeper and my keeper likes me. And I'm quite pleased with being a two-horned rhinoceros."

"Just as I am with being a one-horned rhinoceros," said the other. "Ah, it is well we all like to be different, for if everyone felt as I do, the whole world would be made up of Indian one-horned rhinoceroses, and I suppose that would never do."

CANDLELIGHT DELIGHT

THERE were five candles in the living-room. One was in a little brass candlestick by itself over on top of the book-case. The other four stood upon the mantelpiece. Sometimes when it was quiet at night and the embers and glowing ashes in the fireplace were having their late talks the candles would join in, too.

The embers and glowing ashes talked in very quiet whispers late at night. Earlier they sputtered and crackled and glowed in their talk. But the fireplace was supposed to go to bed at night, too, or at least it was not supposed to be left until it was almost out and even then a tall screen was put up in front of it.

So they had to talk very, very quietly, whispering their secrets.

There would be a little glow and then a tiny voice would say:

"Wasn't the fire beautiful tonight?" And there would be another small glow and another little voice would answer:

"They said there was nothing like an open fire."

How often had these conversations taken place, and how often they had repeated the same speeches.

"We used to be more popular in the old days," the candlesticks would say. "Now and again some one says that there is nothing like candlelight, too, but alas, not so often.

"Only perhaps at birthday times when the candles are all lighted to add to the gayety."

The candles in the candlesticks felt rather sad. Other candles had been used so much more quickly. Other candles had been appreciated so much more.

"It's all the trouble caused by these wretched new ideas," said the little brass candlestick. "Well do I remember the day when I was always lighted when some one was looking for a book, or when some one was going into the back woodshed at night, or when some one was going upstairs to bed. I would be carried around then.

"Now I hardly know what the woodshed looks like. I used to go upstairs at bedtime every night and come down again in the morning. There is hardly any change in my life now. I just stay here, day after day, night after night."

The other candlesticks sighed too. Sadly they kept quiet now. The fire was out. All was still.

Morning came the same way as other mornings these days. Only once in a while were they cleaned—not nearly so often as they had been in the old days.

All through the day they stood there, wishing and again wishing for the good old days. These electric lights

that had been put into the house were so sure of themselves, so self-satisfied, so certain.

"They never flicker or dance," the candlesticks complained to the fireplace on more than one occasion.

Evening had come again. The electric lights were lighted. The members of the family were inside eating their evening meal.

"How different from the old days," said one of the four candlesticks, "when we used to go every evening to the dining-room table so the family could see to eat."

And then, suddenly, there was a loud crash of thunder, and a flash of lightning swept across the sky. And then, even more quickly, the lights went out. Every single one of the wretched electric lights was dark.

"Light the candles! Light the candles!" cried the different members of the family.

The four candlesticks were carried into the dining-room. The little candlestick upon the book-case was lighted and some one took it out into the kitchen. How happy it was being carried into another room.

"We have to fall back on candlelight," said a member of the family.

"It's really the prettiest light in the world," another said.

Oh, how happy the candles all were. They flickered and danced and even the wind that blew in because of the storm only made them flicker the more, but they did not go out.

And that night, after the family had gone to bed, tak-

ing three of the big candlesticks and the little one with them, for still the electric lights were not working, the last candlestick said to the fireplace.

"What a beautiful evening this has been. We've all been so happy and delighted. *They* just thought we were useful and bright—but we were more than that. We were glowing brightly with joy—candlelight joy!"

And the fire's embers going to sleep under the warm, thick ashes understood.

THE ROCKING-HORSE

THIS old rocking-horse was up in the attic now. He was lonely up there.

There weren't many companions for him. Not his kind of companions. He didn't want to talk to a broken-down bed, or some old trunks or a bundle of old, yellow newspapers, or a box of old pieces of silk or a spinning-wheel.

He felt too up-to-date for the spinning-wheel for one thing and for another the spinning-wheel was so practical, or rather, had been so practical.

He had always been for play-time.

He had been for the end of the day when children came indoors. He had been so active on rainy days. He had had such glorious times. And now he was up here.

There were two beams in the attic and they were covered with bars of yellow washing soap. What companions for a fine old rocking-horse!

There were three moth-eaten old coats over the back of a broken chair. No companions for an old rocking-horse.

There was an old cradle. The rocking-horse liked the

cradle better than anything as a companion. But even the cradle wasn't in the same class with the rocking-horse.

The rocking-horse had been the companion of children. The cradle knew about them as babies. The cradle wasn't grown-up enough to talk to the rocking-horse.

The cradle would remember such things as, "Goo, goo, goo," and would be so proud of itself when it remembered how "ma-ma" and "dadda" were said. Now that, as you can see, was no sort of conversation for a rocking-horse.

The rocking-horse had heard about games and the world out-of-doors.

The rocking-horse had heard about snow men and snow forts and coasting and skating and also about swimming and tennis playing and croquet and clock golf, and driving the cows to pasture, and really grown-up things.

The rocking-horse had heard about lessons and about teachers and about prizes and punishments, good marks and bad.

You can see how out of his element was the rocking-horse. Just completely out of his element.

And he stood there on his runners, ready to rock and rock. But he had to stand still. No one cared that he always stood in a position to show you how always ready he was.

He used to be very sad as he waited and waited for the good old days to return again. He was so happy when

he heard steps coming up to the attic, and then his poor heart almost broke to hear them say:

"Here's an old box that will do." Then the steps would fade away. And he would remain—unnoticed.

It was all because of automobiles and all such modern things. They even made toy automobiles and mechanical toys. They had put the rocking-horse up in the attic.

And, oh, how lonely he had been all the last winter. Winter was the time he had always been so happy. What lovely winter evenings he had known. What a beautiful time it had been just before he had seen the children go to bed.

He didn't think he could get through another winter. He knew that soon the hot weather would be gone and the children would be indoors more. That was what he couldn't stand—to know they were indoors and not wanting him.

And then, one day, they came up and they took him down stairs. He could hardly believe it was true. And they put their arms around him and said how they had missed him the winter before, and what a big beautiful, wonderful rocking-horse he was. And he was put back in his old, old place in the playroom.

He didn't mind if they did play with toy automobiles now or mechanical toys, for they had said they really could not get along without him. That was all he wanted.

THE AUTUMN BLOSSOMS

IT WAS getting on in the year. The summer was really over.

But still, there was summer-time weather. It was warm and sunny, day after day after day.

It didn't seem like autumn at all.

The people could hardly believe it.

They kept saying to each other:

"It is more like summer than fall."

Or they said:

"It is like the late spring. It doesn't seem possible that summer isn't coming along and that winter is due to arrive before long."

Then others said:

"Maybe we'll just not have any winter at all."

Now one of the old trees in a city back yard was quite excited.

The old tree was by itself. There were no other trees about.

The old tree could not talk to friends about the weather and could not hear that, though it was so warm, still

the autumn was here and the winter would be following along.

It was unusual even to be in a little old city back yard.

In the city there were not many yards of any kind.

But this tree had been here for years.

The tree remembered when the city had not been so grown-up.

The tree remembered when a cow had sat under its branches on the warm summer afternoons.

The tree remembered when there had been quiet and rest and not so much noise and hurry as there was now. The tree remembered when it was not so crowded, when houses and fences were not all around it.

The tree remembered when there had been other tree friends and grass growing, too.

The tree remembered when the country could be seen instead of houses and buildings everywhere.

Oh yes, the tree remembered many things.

But now it was all so different. The tree was getting old but still it knew so many in the houses about appreciated having an old tree in the neighborhood.

They used to love seeing the blossoms on the tree in the springtime.

And then, during the warm autumn weather the tree became confused as to the season.

It was a strange thing for a tree to do, but still, with so much warm weather, why wouldn't the tree do such a thing?

It was only natural to blossom and bud in the warmth.

Yet the tree was not quite sure. So just one part of the tree burst into bloom.

Far out upon one of the tree's branches there were apple blossoms now.

The people looked at the old tree from the surrounding houses and they said:

"The warm weather has fooled the old tree."

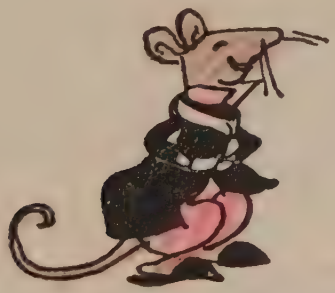
And others said:

"Oh, we have a few beautiful blossoms again."

For the apple blossoms on the old tree were almost the only blossoms seen during the year by some of the people.

But the tree had been fooled by the warm weather. Yet, not completely fooled, for only one branch had blossomed.

Still the tree was pretty wise. Only it was so confusing when spring weather came in the autumn!



THE FRUIT DISH

"MY LIFE is a strange one," said the fruit dish.

"Yes, it is quite strange."

"Mine is a bit odd, too," said the blue sugar bowl which stood upon four little blue china legs.

"Yes, I do believe it is and, in a way, for much the same reason mine is.

"Yet mine is even stranger," said the fruit dish.

"You see, I am a fruit dish. Yet I never hold fruit. When I first came to the house—I was a present—I held fruit for awhile.

"Then I found myself without fruit for weeks and weeks and even months at a time.

"After awhile I found that I only had fruit when it was around some special time such as Christmas or Thanksgiving or Easter.

"Then the next I knew I didn't even hold fruit around these times.

"Once in a great, great while I was filled with nuts. But oh, that happened so seldom.

"And now it just seems as though I would never know

what it was to hold a bit of fruit or any nuts at all. I am so inactive.

"That is the way it seems to me now.

"I went through the whole of last winter and last summer without seeing a piece of fruit or a single nut—that is they weren't put in my ever-ready dish arms.

"It looks now as though I would go through the whole of this winter the same way.

"You see I am made of silver, and in the summer when the family go away for a holiday I am packed up and stored away with some other silver pieces.

"Usually I am not packed up for so long a time. But last year the family said that they would put away some of the silver earlier in the season and not take it out again until later.

"They said the silver tarnished easily and they didn't want to have to keep clean any more silver than was necessary during the summer months.

"They said the summer time was too nice a time of the year to bother with any more silver cleaning than they could possibly help.

"So they put me away early, early in the spring. I was one of the pieces they said they would not need during the summer.

"I had a long, long rest.

"But I was put into use when the autumn came around only I am not used for what I am intended.

"Fancy, sugar bowl, I am used for boxes of matches. Yes, and pipe cleaners for the children's daddy, and a

box of envelopes. Each one contains a small sum of money for church on Sunday.

"Now when any one says:

" 'Where are the matches?' Or, 'Where are there any matches?' Or, 'Is there a match to be had in this house?' the answer always is:

" 'Why yes, just look in the fruit dish and you'll find some.'

"When the daddy of the children says to the mother of the children:

" 'I don't happen to have any pipe cleaners around, do I?' " she answers.

" 'Why, certainly, look in the fruit dish.'

"When they go to church Sunday they come to me for their envelopes.

"I still keep my name of fruit dish so it isn't that they don't know what I am for—but they never use me for fruit. I don't really mind.

"I'm simply leading a strange life."

"I," said the sugar bowl, "am always empty. I am an old, old sugar bowl—over a hundred years old and I just stand here in my fat, blue china costume, with trees and gardens decorating my china self—as a handsome old sugar bowl. But without any sugar. Life is indeed strange," the sugar bowl ended, and the fruit dish thoroughly agreed.

BILLIE'S BONFIRE

COME on, Brownies," said Billie Brownie, "we must have a bonfire."

"Come on," said his brother Bennie Brownie, "we must surely have a great big bonfire."

"Come on, Gnomes," said Peter Gnome, "we must certainly have a bonfire."

"Come on, Old Mr. Giant," said Witty Witch, "we're going to have a bonfire."

"Come on, Every Little Oaf," said Ollie Oaf, "we're going to have a bonfire."

"Come on, Fairies," said the Queen of the Fairies, "we're going to have a bonfire."

"It's the fall of the year and the leaves are all ready to be burned in the biggest, hugest bonfire ever before seen," said Billie Brownie.

So all the members of the Oaf family and of the Gnome family and of the Fairies and of the Brownies came along, and then Effie Elf called out:

"Come, Elves, come every one of you, there is going to be a mighty bonfire."

Fairy Twilight-Bell came along and so did Fairy Wondrous Secrets.

Fairy Ybab came and so did the Fairyland Orchestra who played while they all danced around the bonfire later in the evening when it was almost out.

But first they jumped into the great pile of leaves, they played games, they made leaf houses and leaf walks and leaf gardens. And then they piled the leaves back on the great, huge pile.

Old Witty Witch told stories as they sat around the bonfire. Old Mr. Giant told stories, too.

The Fairies sang a song called:

"The Fall in Fairyland." And into the song they had put descriptions of the flaming trees in the fall, the winds, the warm, drowsy sunshine, the cold, quick, crisp air, the work of Jack Frost—oh, they had described everything.

But when the bonfire was at its height no one said a word.

Every brownie and every fairy and every gnome and every oaf and every elf and old Witty Witch and Old Mr. Giant all sat without saying a single word while the Bonfire Fairies chuckled, danced and laughed and scampered and crackled and snapped and flamed in the great, great bonfire.

Never had there been a bonfire like it.

Every one said the very same thing.

And surely, it stands to reason, that they just must have been right!

JACK FROST'S HOME

"WARM weather makes me lazy," said Jack Frost to his companion, Master Very Cool.

"I'm not one to like it myself," said Master Very Cool.

"I say to myself every summer that I simply won't let it get the best of me, but it does, every time.

"I simply cannot go out in the warm weather.

"Warm summer evenings don't interest me in the least. They make me feel so drowsy and so sleepy, and I just stay in my Frost Palace and sleep.

"You like my Frost Palace, don't you?" Jack Frost asked.

"Oh, enormously," said Master Very Cool.

"It has been nice of you to have me here for a visit, too. I really had no place to go when the weather was so warm.

"I couldn't stay outdoors when it was like that, and no one asked me in.

"I didn't feel like going in anywhere, either. If I had been asked, I would have said:

" 'No, thank you, I simply cannot accept your invitation.' But as I received no invitations, I didn't have to make such a speech.

"But you are so beautifully situated here. Your cool cave in the heart of these cool woods is so lovely. The little pond near by with such cool water is delightful. And I do admire the works of art you have about."

"Well," said Jack Frost, "I do like to have a nice home. I like it to be big, too, because there are all my magic workers who make this their headquarters.

"They must have lots of room in which to prepare some of their magic paints, too.

"I must have plenty of room, too.

"But I am delighted to hear you say that you like my works of art.

"I've kept them here, some of them, since I've been very young.

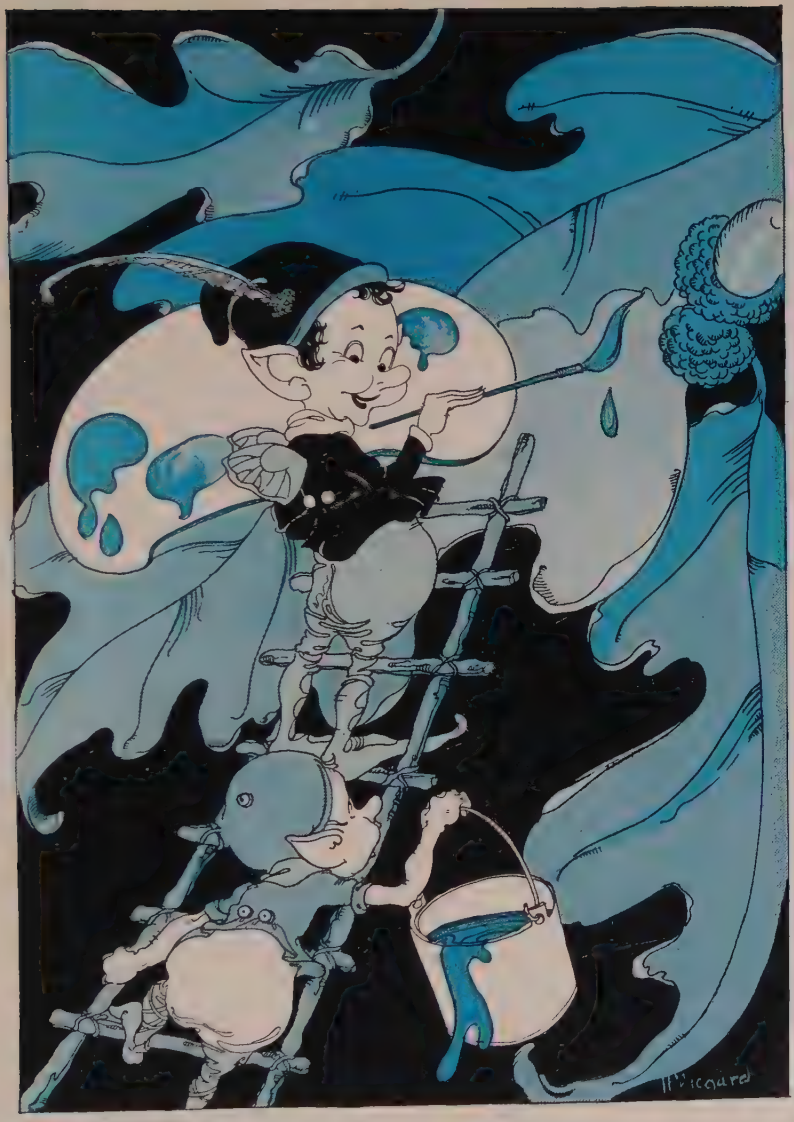
"Years and years and years and years ago my great, great, great, great, great-grandfather said:

" 'Little Jack Frost promises to be a talented boy. Let him have his own way.

" 'Don't try to teach him anything, but let him use his own ideas and his own imagination.'

"Now, with most, that might not have been of any use. If you let others just use their own ideas and imagination and didn't make them study and combine their study with their own ideas, they will amount to very little, if anything.

"But they could see that I was different. And almost



"Tops of Trees mean nothing to me," said Jack Frost.

as soon as I was able to walk I was beginning to show what I could do.

"Some of those childish works I still have here. You will see some of the paintings of little bushes—these are what I did when I wasn't big enough to reach anything higher.

"Now with the aid, of course, of my great stepladder, I can reach anything.

"Tops of trees mean nothing to me! I can reach them all. But I have these paintings and frostings and window work all about here, for I am an artist and I want to be surrounded by works of art.

"So we all bring samples of our work here. You will see the different kinds through the cave picture galleries.

"Others never send their works here. They send them to books or to papers or to museums.

"But not Jack Frost. I bring some samples here to keep and to show what I have done and to show what my magic workers have done.

"I use different colors, I make changes, I think up new touches.

"But I want to have my work around me so that I will never forget that I am a frost worker.

"Well, Master Very Cool, I think it is going to be cold enough tonight for us, and for all the workers to get started. Now for a good old frost party with lots of gayety and color!"

JACK FROST'S BROTHERS

COME, brothers, hurry, we've no time to waste, come, brothers, hurry, we've no time to waste!"

And along scampered some little creatures who looked very much like gnomes or brownies except that they wore caps of icy silver and their suits were of white—like a fall of very light snow.

"We're coming, Jack," they shouted. For Jack Frost and his brothers were going to have an evening of fun.

"It seems like old times to be out on a trip like this," said Chilly, who is one of Jack's best workers.

"I feel just like work," said Master Very Cool, and Master Heavy Frost laughed and said: "Oh, won't the flowers be mad!"

"I saw some people covering plants up with newspapers and shawls," said Jack Frost, "but only a few did that. I fooled them, I did!" And he grinned while the people in their beds that night drew the coverings closer and said:

"Oh, it's cold, so cold."

"Yes," continued Jack Frost, "they didn't think I was coming out tonight."

"How did you fool them?" asked Jack Frost's brothers.

"I arranged with Mr. Wind not to stop blowing until it was quite late. The people came out of their doors and said: 'Well, it's cold enough for Jack Frost tonight, but he won't come unless it's a good, still night.' And then, after a bit, Mr. Wind went sound asleep and I called to you, my brothers. Very few of the people thought I would come—a few did, it is true, but we won't bother about them."

"When shall we start?" asked Chilly.

"Right away," said Jack Frost. "Have you the magic paint brushes and the silver-snow paint? Ah, it's the best paint in the world, and with the cooling blows we give —our breath is so cold—we can work wonders."

"Yes," said Chilly, "our magic paint brushes are all ready. We'll go to the windows, Master Very Cool will go to the flowers, and Master Heavy Frost will go to the shrubs and low bushes."

"Good idea, Chilly, and I will help you," said Jack Frost. So off they started, and the Frost Brothers all carried large baskets made of birch bark, edged with silver, in which were paint brushes.

Chilly was a very fine artist. And such pictures of castles with turrets and towers and wonderful villages and courtyards as Chilly and his followers did make! The next morning the windows could not be seen out of

at all. Master Heavy Frost did his work well with the shrubs, and Master Very Cool didn't mind at all when the flowers begged him not to hurt them.

"You're so cold," they shivered as they drew up miserably.

"That's what I'm famous for," said Chilly, "but you've had a long and fine summer in which to bloom, so go to sleep for the winter."

"I suppose we'll have to," said one of the flowers, as it drooped.

"I suppose we will have to," the others said.

"Yes, I think you will have to," said Chilly.

As before Chilly did not finish his work. Mr. Sun had arisen and driven Jack Frost and his brothers away for the time being.

But now the winter was almost here, and this was the last regular frost party they could have, so they had a thoroughly good one.

"You can't blossom any more this year," said Chilly, "except those of you which won't be bitten and won't give up blooming until the snow comes and covers you.

"Some of you can stand even Jack Frost and his brothers—but you can't stand the old man Snow."

"You're glad in having us put down for the winter," the flowers said, as they drooped, and the few exceptions which didn't, continued the talk, saying: "Yes, you like to put us down for the winter."

"It's not that," said Chilly, "but I'm a great believer in having the right things in the right seasons. I like to

let the snow have a chance in the winter and the south wind and summer breezes in the summer, but best of all I like the autumn season when Jack Frost's brothers and Jack Frost himself have it all to themselves and have their fun, heigh-ho!"

JACK O'LANTERN

HE WAS a Jack O'Lantern toy and he never let his expression change.

He always had the same expression—what he considered a very suitable expression for a toy Jack O'Lantern ready for Hallowe'en.

Of course, as some one said, it would have been remarkable if his expression had changed from time to time. When you stopped to consider that he was a toy that was true.

His eyes were blue and his ears and mouth and teeth were made of red-paper-covered cardboard.

Maybe you will think he was not very handsome. But he was.

He had style all his own.

He was ready in plenty of time for Hallowe'en.

In fact he was there ahead of the real Jack O'Lantern.

He was there to greet the real Jack O'Lantern, just as he always stood on the little shelf of the piazza greeting members of the family as they came up the garden path.

He never spoke to any one with mere words.

That was not the way a toy Jack O'Lantern should

act, but he looked so pleased as they came up. His expression always made him look pleased and jovial and jolly.

If you had taken a peep at him from around the corner you would have found that he looked pleased. But you would not have been able to tell whether it was because he had seen you peeping and so looked pleased to think that he saw you, too—or whether he simply was pleased all the time.

His blue eyes hadn't even any eyelids so he never slept. Nor did he ever look in the least scrap sleepy.

He looked very much pleased about everything.

Well, along came the real Jack O'Lantern and then what should happen but a birthday party.

It was Carey's eighth birthday and she had fourteen friends at her party. In the center of the table was a wonderful Jack Horner pie and a turkey and in each were ribbon's which led to every one's place.

Then there were little candy packages wrapped up in bright yellow paper for every guest.

There were little yellow cakes and Jack O'Lantern place cards and yellow candles on the cake.

There were lollipops dressed in pumpkin costumes, and a tablecloth of white paper with pumpkins upon it.

Oh, there was great excitement at the party, but there was no more excitement there than when Carey's brother took out the real Jack O'Lantern that night to call on the neighbors.

The toy Jack O'Lantern did not go, but sitting on

the piazza, waiting to hear the news, the toy Jack O'Lantern had almost as much fun and excitement as if it had gone, too.

Then when the big Jack O'Lantern came home and the candle with which his whole face had been lighted was put out, the big Jack O'Lantern told the toy Jack O'Lantern about the calls.

Some people had banged their doors in his face. They had been cranky!

Some people had talked to him most politely.

That had been as it should be.

Others had pretended to be frightened.

That was fun.

It was nice when you were only a toy Jack O'Lantern to sit on a piazza on Hallowe'en and hear of the adventures of a real Jack O'Lantern.

How much nicer real life was than living in a store window!

THE TWO JACKS

THE two Jacks were talking.

One of them was Jack Frost. The other was Jack O'Lantern.

"It's a beautiful, clear, still, cold night," said Jack Frost, "just the kind of a night I like."

"I like it myself," said Jack O'Lantern. "I don't feel the cold at all," he added proudly.

"I think that's fine," said Jack Frost, "because of course you're growing during the hot weather, and one might think that you'd complain when it got cold.

"I can understand the people who like the cold and hate the warmth, and I can a little bit understand that there would be people who would like the warmth and hate the cold.

"But I cannot understand those people who complain when it is hot and also complain when it is cold. What in the world do they like, I wonder?"

"I wouldn't be able to tell you that," said Jack O'Lantern. "Of course later in the evening the candle which is now inside me will be lighted and there will be warmth and brightness from that.

"Oh, I'm expecting an exciting evening."

"You're a very handsome Jack O'Lantern," Jack Frost said.

"Thank you, Jack Frost," said Jack O'Lantern, and he seemed to grin more than ever.

"Do you think my mouth is becoming to me?" he added.

Jack Frost laughed.

"That's a funny way to speak," he said. "Most creatures either like their mouths or they have grown used to them, or they don't like them, but I've never before heard anyone ask if a mouth was becoming."

"Ah, but you see," said Jack O'Lantern, "I might have so many different kinds of mouths—not all at the same time.

"But when they were cutting out my mouth they might have made it crooked, or they might have made it too small or too wide or too large. I think it's perfect myself."

"Then I was quite right to think so, too," grinned Jack Frost. "And when you were asking me if your mouth were becoming you already thought so, but just wanted to know my opinion?"

"That was it," said Jack O'Lantern.

"What are your plans?" asked Jack Frost.

"Well, the children who made me are coming to get me soon, and we're going calling.

"I think I'll enjoy it. I'll be left on people's doorsteps and the children will ring the bells and then run away.

"I'll grin when the people open their doors and I'll let them know that it is Hallowe'en.

"There are some who wouldn't have my composure and my ease of manner at such times.

"They'd be shy, left all by themselves in that fashion, before perfect strangers.

"But not Jack O'Lantern, nor any of his family.

"We don't become confused. We beam as brightly and smile as happily as we can, and you know the smile of a Jack O'Lantern is a happy one.

"What are you going to do, Jack Frost?"

"Oh, I'm going to do some art work," he said. "I've been neglecting it lately."

"I must keep my frosty hand in, as the saying is. I mustn't forget the good work I can do."

"Dear me, no more time for talking," said Jack O'Lantern. "I hear the children coming along now and it is getting quite dark.

"They will be lighting my candle and we'll be off. Heigh-ho, for a jolly old evening. Good-by, Jack Frost."

"Good-by, Jack O'Lantern. And may your evening be the jolliest one ever a Jack O'Lantern had."

"You couldn't wish me a nicer wish," grinned Jack O'Lantern.

THE OTHER DAY

"THURSDAY is working today," said the other days.

"Yes," said Friday, "it will soon be my turn. I always work when Thursday is through. Thursday always gets through at just the same time. We all do our work in the same way. We don't work too much and we don't work too little. We just make a rule of working twenty-four hours once a week in our right turn."

"Well, said Saturday, "I am feeling very unhappy. Now and again I feel quite happy, especially when some one says there is going to be a special party or treat or entertainment 'some day' and I am chosen as the particular day."

"That happened to you not long ago," said the other days.

"Yes," said Saturday, "it did, and it happens to all of us some time. But I'm sad now."

"Why are you sad?" asked Friday. "Please tell me before I go to work. Then you can tell your story over again to Thursday who will probably want to hear it."

"Oh, dear," said Saturday, "it was very sad. I felt dreadfully about it, and I still feel badly about it."

"Tell it to us," said the days, "and perhaps we may be able to comfort you."

"I will," said Saturday. "Some children were talking and one of them said, 'I was sick the other day. Oh, I didn't feel like doing anything. I don't mind being sick on any day as much as I do being sick on the day I was sick.' "

"Well, how do you know it was Saturday?" asked the other days. "The child said it was the 'other day.' Now you know how little that means and how much it is said. Folks are always speaking of the 'other day' and not treating any of us as though we amounted to anything. It is just as though people spoke of children and said, 'The other child,' and didn't mean any particular child —in fact, had forgotten what child they meant. That is the way they do with days. They don't remember about us as well as they should.

"They say that things happened and perhaps they may remember that they happened the week before, but they won't remember whether Tuesday or Wednesday or which of us was on duty."

"That's so," said Saturday. "But then I know they meant I was the one. For the other child said I got a splinter in my finger the other day, and it was the day you were sick."

"And a third child said, 'I cut myself with my new knife the other day.'

"Oh, how dreadfully I did feel, and oh, how badly I feel now, for days, listen to me."

All the days, except Thursday, who was working, drew nearer, and Saturday said, "The awful thing about it all is that I was the 'other day.' "

"Oh, cheer up, Saturday," said the days, "it might have happened to any of us."

"Yes," said Saturday, "when people speak of the 'other day' when something or other happened, it is not paying us a great compliment, for they forget about us, or can't be bothered to remember which of us happened to be about. But when everything happened on the 'other day' and it turned out to be me—oh, woe, woe, sadness and tears!"

"But Saturday, how did you know you were meant by the 'other day'?"

"Because," said Saturday, "each child said afterward how sad it was to have such things happen on Saturday, which was always a holiday."

"Cheer up, Saturday," said the days. "You may have been a sad 'other day' several times, but you are the beloved day of children—Saturday—the holiday. Doesn't that make you rejoice?"

"Ah, yes," said Saturday, "I surely have my share of joy, and I wouldn't appreciate it if I didn't have a little trouble once in awhile. Ah, yes, it was wrong of me to grumble when I am the children's day—the holiday—Saturday!"

TOUCAN BIRD

"I WISH you would tell me why you are so queer," said a little Fairy to the Toucan Bird.

"Don't you like me?" asked the Toucan Bird.

"Oh, yes," said the Fairy.

"But you said I was queer."

"You are queer. But I like queer things—at least some queer things and you are one of them. It would be very dull indeed if everything were just the same. We need queer creatures to make things interesting."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said the Toucan Bird.

"And are you going to tell me about yourself?" asked the Fairy.

"What shall I tell you—why I am queer? I can't very well tell you that—because to my mind I'm not queer. Now you are queer to me because you are so different."

"We both have wings," said the Fairy, for she was a little afraid that the Toucan Bird might be hurt because she had called him queer.

"Our wings are very different, though," said the Toucan Bird. "And we speak differently. It's strange that I can understand you. I can't understand children."

"That's because I'm a fairy. We can always be understood. We love birds and animals and know all their languages."

"How nice," said the Toucan Bird.

"But you're not telling me why you are queer—even though you are so nice."

"Thank you, thank you," said the Toucan Bird. "I'm very glad I'm nice. I'm still more glad that you like me. I've always wanted to be liked by a fairy." And he stuck his head way out as he said so.

"Won't you tell me then?" said the little Fairy coaxingly.

"You see, the trouble is I can't tell you why I'm queer, when I don't think I am."

"Perhaps you will answer my questions then," said the Fairy.

"That I will be delighted to do," said the Toucan Bird.

"Then why do you shoot your head way out as you fly about? It seems as if your neck were so much longer than it is, and no one can think of your body when you shoot your head out so very far. Often I've thought maybe you hadn't a body as all I've noticed is your head. Perhaps not so much your head as your long beak. It's such a very long beak. Is that why you are named toucan?"

"No," said the Toucan Bird. "I am given that name, and all my family have the same name because of our shrill voices and queer cries. And if you want to know more about us we live in a country far, far south. We

make our nests in holes. Does that interest you and tell you what you want to know?"

"Yes," said the Fairy, "it certainly does. But still I must know why you put your head forward and stick your bill so far out when you are flying about. That is

what makes you so queer—that, and the fact that you have such a long bill."

"I will tell you," said the Toucan Bird. "You see it's always well to have one's beak ahead. Then we won't miss anything good to eat. Suppose we walked or flew backwards. Then our tails would always arrive first and maybe by the time our beaks got there, nothing would be left to eat."

"Are you so fond of food then?" asked the Fairy.

"We like it—but that is not the only reason."

"Tell me some more," said the Fairy.

"We see with our heads."

"Don't you see with your eyes?" asked the Fairy.

"Of course, of course," said the Toucan Bird. "But our eyes are in our heads. We can't shove our eyes ahead of us—but we can shove our heads and our eyes go too! Isn't that a fine reason? We see everything so quickly then."

"It's a splendid reason," said the Fairy, "and one that I had never thought of."

"And," added the Toucan Bird, "our bodies always follow—but it's with our eyes we see and with our beaks that we eat. So we hurry with our heads and our bodies come along after—not too much after, though!"

And as the Fairy watched the Toucan Bird flying around shooting his head out in such a queer way she thought of his excellent reasons for doing so!

LAZY PIG

I HEARD the other day," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "that I had some cousins on a ranch."

"Well," said Miss Ham, "I don't see that it is so fine to be on a ranch. I would every bit as soon be in the farmyard. A ranch sounds rather big and I think it would frighten me."

"Dear me," said Pinky Pig, "you are not very brave."

"Would you like to be on a ranch, Pinky?" asked Miss Ham.

"No," grunted Pinky, "I don't believe I would. But the true reason is not because I am not brave. It is quite different from that."

"No one has given me a chance to talk about my cousins," grunted Grandfather Porky Pig crossly.

"Who are your cousins?" asked Miss Ham. "If they are your cousins, surely they must be our cousins too."

"I suppose they must," said Porky Pig, a little sadly. "But first and foremost they are mine!"

"Go ahead and tell us their names," said Pinky Pig.

"Their names," said Porky, grunting in a fine, dig-

nified manner, "are Mr. and Mrs. White-Belted Black Hog and family."

"What queer names," said Miss Ham.

"You see," said Porky, "they are black and they have handsome and beautiful white belts. Very smart and stylish are my cousins and they live on a ranch. I believe they are very rich!"

"What do you mean?" asked Pinky.

"I mean that they get fine food and the ground is very nice," said Porky.

"When did you hear of them?" asked Miss Ham.

"The farmer," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "had a man here the other day who owns a ranch. They were talking about their animals and that is when I heard of my cousins."

"Did the man say they were your cousins?" asked Pinky.

"No," said Porky, "but I had enough sense to know they were. I could tell by his description. They are very much like us—only their suits are different. But they have the same ways and the same likes and dislikes as we all have."

"Very nice to hear of new cousins," said Pinky, "but as I said before I don't want to be out on a ranch."

"You said," Miss Ham interrupted, "that you had some special reason for not wanting to be on a ranch—and the reason was not because you were not brave. Now I wouldn't care to go because a ranch sounds so big to me. I admit I am a little timid."

"Pinky, you would be frightened too," said Grandfather Porky Pig.

"Indeed that is not the reason," said Pinky.

"Then make haste and tell us," said Miss Ham.

"I would not like to be on a ranch," said Pinky, "because I would have to move from here. It is not the ranch I mind but the moving. Now if I had been born on a ranch—then it would have been different. But I was born in the barnyard and in the barnyard I'll stay—with my special home of the Pig Pen. To go to the ranch would mean a great, long trip. And I'm not one for moving!"

"We all know that," said the other pigs.

"No, it is not because I lack bravery," said Pinky, strutting around and waving his little crooked tail, "but because I hate to move. There are some who like it. They just want to change and they think by changing they are getting something finer all the time.

"But for my part I know I am well off where I am, and I am just going to stay—that's all."

"A good reason," said Porky.

"I wish I had thought of that," said Miss Ham, "instead of saying that I was afraid of a ranch."

"Too bad you didn't," said Pinky proudly. He knew he had given a very fine reason himself.

"Well," said Porky, "it's nice to have stylish cousins who wear black suits with white belts, but I would rather stay home too. The Home Pen is all right, I say."

And every pig agreed that moving was not a thing

pigs liked and that the Pig Pen was the best place after all.

For then they could be as lazy as they wanted to be, and yet they were well looked after and had a good pig time.

BILLY'S WHEELBARROW

IT WAS, perhaps, an unusual wish. At least when Santa read his letters he did not find many of his friends asking for the present for which Billy asked.

This was Billy's letter:

"Dear Santa Claus: I would like to have a number of small things, such as a pair of heavy shoes. I don't suppose you'd call my shoes or my feet small. But I mean that that isn't as big a present as a present could be or as the one I want.

"Well, I'd like to have some stockings for skating and I would like to have some hard candy and maybe a knife.

"But most of all I'd like a wheelbarrow. I'm very fond of flowers, Santa Claus, and then I'm earning money with my vegetable garden I'm taking care of and fixing the grass and the flower beds and getting rid of the weeds in the garden path.

"So I'd really love to have a wheelbarrow. Style number four is the kind I'd like if you could possibly get it."

So Santa Claus had bought a wheelbarrow and he had had to bring it in a side door, for the wheelbarrow could not be brought down the chimney.

It was just the kind that Billy wanted. It was a good-sized one and it would be so useful when the summer came.

It would help him so much in his work.

But the most wonderful thing of all was the trouble that Santa had taken with it.

As he had put it down at one side of the Christmas tree he had filled it with branches of greens and at one end had tied a little toy Santa Claus, who looked very ruddy and bright and cheery.

That made the present seem so much like a Christmas present, too.

Well when Billy saw it, he said that nothing pleased him more, and, oh, how happy he was that Santa Claus had brought it to him and had been able to bring the gift he had said in his letter was the one he wanted most.

And then after the presents were all unwrapped Billy took his shoes and his skating stockings and his box of hard candy and the book his sister gave him and the tie his mother gave him and the bright silver dollar his father gave him and several presents and cards from friends and put them all on top of the greens in the wheelbarrow.

So every one who came in saw the wheelbarrow filled with presents and sometimes Billy would wheel it around the room and say:

"No weeds and no flowers, but lots of presents."

And though it was snowing gently and steadily all the time out-of-doors Billy kept thinking of the days when

the warm weather would come and when the frozen earth would become soft and muddy and when the water in the earth would ooze forth.

He thought of the first flowers that would come in the spring, and of the trips he could make to the woods gathering ferns and unusual plants.

He thought of the way the garden would look and of how he would see that the paths just never, never, never had weeds.

And he thought of the help the wheelbarrow would be when he thinned out the flowers growing too close together and of the transplanting he would do.

In fact, as Billy sat in front of the fire, his face almost toasting with the warmth from the red-hot coals, his mind was on flowers and the spring and the summer and warm weather and mild showers.

That was what had happened because Santa Claus had brought Billy a wheelbarrow!

TOP OF THE TREE

GOOD evening, Santa Claus," said little Maggie as she called up the chimney several weeks before Christmas.

"I hope you're very well, Santa. I'll have sugar by the fire for your reindeer. I'll put it on my own little blue saucer.

"You know, Santa Clause, it is the blue saucer that came with the blue cup which you gave me two years ago.

"Do you remember, Santa Claus? You gave me a little blue set for my cocoa. I still have it, all, though there is a crack in the tray and one cup leaks.

"But the other cup is all right, and the cocoa pot is perfect.

"I love that little blue set, Santa.

"Santa, have you been well all the year? I do hope so, Santa Claus.

"I hope you didn't get too tired after last Christmas, Santa. You brought me so many presents, and you brought the rest of my family lovely presents, too.

"Santa, I'd like quite a few things this year.

"I'd like a little pink pig more than anything else. I saw one that a friend of mine had and I'd love it better than anything.

"Santa, her little pig squeaks when she presses it. And the pig is such a pretty clean pink color. A very, very light pink shade.

"That's such a nice shade for a pig, especially for a pig to hold and love.

"We have pigs in the pig pen, but Santa, they get awfully dirty.

"And their mother never seems to care.

"Now, I wouldn't let my pig get dirty. That is, if you happen to give me a pig.

"I'd keep my pig so nice and clean. My pig would go to bed with me at night and sleep between nice, clean sheets.

"And I'd never let my pig go down cellar or get in the coal bin.

"I wouldn't let my pig go out in the woodshed. Sometimes I go out there, but I can wash my hands and my pig couldn't be washed so easily.

"I'd like some writing paper, Santa. If you can't give me the pig and the writing paper, don't bother about the writing paper.

"That would only be to answer and thank for presents.

"I'd like some hard candy and a new comb for my hair and a book and a chocolate Santa Claus. Of course it wouldn't look so very much like you or I'd not want to eat it up.

"But, Santa, I'd so love to have a little pink pig. If its eyes were pink it would be nice. Pinker eyes than its body, is what I mean.

"I'll talk to you again, Santa, but that is all for tonight. Good night, dear Santa Claus. My love to the reindeer."

Every night until Christmas Maggie called up the chimney to Santa Claus, and every time she spoke of the pink pig.

She knew just what she wanted, for she had seen the most lovable pink pig, and if she owned one she would love it more than any other toy.

And when Christmas came and all the presents were open Maggie did not find her pink pig. She had beautiful presents, but there was no pink pig, and though she knew she should not feel sad when she had so much else, she did feel just a little sad.

Then suddenly she spied a pink pig right on the top of the Christmas tree. Ah, Santa, had not forgotten. And he had chuckled, she felt sure, as he had put it there on the top of the tree for her to discover and to enjoy more than she would have if she had seen it first of all.

It was a perfect pink pig. Quite the sweetest pig that ever was.

HEARING SLEIGH-BELLS

IT WAS Christmas Eve and the children and the grown-ups and the big black cat and the little white dog had all gone to bed.

It was a beautiful Christmas Eve with snow on the ground and the air crisp and cold, quiet and without any wind.

Timmy had gone to bed at a slightly later hour than had his younger sister Kitty.

But Timmy was asleep now.

And yet he was not so sure that he was quite sound asleep.

He knew he was too sleepy to get up, though he had really meant to lie awake and hear all that was going on. He had wanted to hear Santa's arrival and the sleigh-bells and the reindeer.

Of course he had promised he would not, even if he were awake, go down and see Santa.

He knew Santa did not have the time to stop and talk and that he liked to be quite alone when he was fixing the Christmas presents and getting ready everything that he had for every one.

But he had made up his mind he would have a beautiful time listening to the sounds of the sleigh-bells and of the reindeer and of Santa.

For he knew he could hear the slight sounds Santa made as he moved around in the living room fixing the presents.

Yes, he had planned to have a glorious time listening.

And so had his younger sister Kitty.

They had both spoken about it.

"I'm going to listen for Santa Christmas Eve," Timmy had said so many times.

"I'm going to listen for him, too," Kitty had said just as often.

And then when Christmas Eve came Timmy was even more decided than ever.

He would certainly lie awake until after Santa had gone.

And so was Kitty more decided than ever.

She would certainly lie awake until after Santa had gone.

But now that he had gone to bed he really could not even tell whether he was awake or not. That seemed a bit absurd, but it was quite true.

He felt so sleepy and yet he seemed to hear sounds. Did he really hear sounds or not?

Oh, yes, he was quite sure of it now. He was very, very sleepy.

He could hear, though. He was simply too sleepy to

think very much about anything, but he could hear the distant sound of sleigh-bells.

Now they came nearer, and nearer. Now he heard them quite distinctly, but they were soft and musical and sweet, and though they were clear they were not very loud.

Well, of course Santa would not want too loud ones. He wanted the world to sleep while he worked and to have it awaken to the joy and fun of the work he had done.

And then Timmy heard sounds as though from the chimney down in the living room.

Yes, he distinctly did hear sounds. Oh, it was so nice to be so deliciously sleepy and yet to be awake just a little.

Once he heard a slightly louder noise as though the pack were being put down on the floor. He hoped there would be lots of presents.

Then he heard the sleigh-bells once more. How beautifully they did sound. They could be heard, faintly, quite a distance away.

He heard them disappearing, then they disappeared. It was quiet. He didn't know what moment it was that he fell so soundly asleep, for he did fall soundly asleep. It was actually a start when his sister jumped into his room in the morning and on to his bed.

"Oh, Timmy, I heard Santa's sleigh-bells last night."

"And I did, too!" Timmy said.

MIDNIGHT

THE clock had just struck.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine.

Ten.

Eleven.

Twelve.

It was midnight. Christmas Eve had come and gone once more and now Christmas was here.

All was very still and quiet in the house. Now and again there was a sound but it was only the creak of an old, weary board in the floor, or of a murmur in the walls, usually so quiet and willing to be out of the way of people, though serving a very useful purpose just the same.

The fire had gone out long before. The rooms were so silent. Only if you had gone into some of the bedrooms you would have heard quiet, even breathing.

The clock had made more sound and noise than anything in the house with its striking twelve times.

Then there came some sounds, voices, sleigh-bells, prancing.

And there were sounds in the chimney, sounds as exciting and interesting as they could be.

"Well, well, well," came a low, cheery voice.

Down the chimney, pack and all, came Santa Claus.

He glanced up at the clock.

There it was, just a few minutes after midnight. In fact it was only two minutes after midnight.

"I arrived just on Christmas," Santa said to himself. "Merry Christmas to every one in the household: This is the first Merry Christmas I've whispered as yet this year.

"For a few minutes ago when I was in the house next door it was not quite Christmas.

"Now it's Christmas morning. Ah, how they've greeted me here!

"Such beautiful decorations. Wreaths with red bows in the windows, greens and branches over the pictures, red candles in the candlesticks, even some wreaths with little cones and bunches of red berries.

"Then I do admire the red bells that are hanging about in different places, and there seems to be so much care and thought about the decorations.

"I like to see all the cards on the mantelpiece, and the bits of red ribbon around.

"There are twigs from pine trees in vases and floor pots which look as though the pine woods had come to the house.

"But I must get to work."

So Santa unpacked and put the presents around. There were so many, many presents, and Santa worked with all the quickness and speed with which Santa can work.

And as he left and looked about the cheery, Christmasy room and peeked out into the hall with its Christmas trimmings, too, he said half-aloud to himself:

"Merry Christmas, cheery household!"

He left then, but the old clock on the mantelpiece, with the Christmas cards all around, went on ticking, ticking, ticking, but the clock said nothing about Christmas for it knew that it had given its share when it had struck the hour that made it Christmas morning.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

The clock had helped to make it Christmas when it had struck the hour of midnight!

THE BAD STOVE

IT WAS Christmas morning and the stove was behaving badly.

It wouldn't go. It was started and seemed to be all right, and then it went out and had to be started all over again.

Of course the stove had been behaving badly of late.

But really it did seem too bad that it should do such things on Christmas Day.

No one wanted to wait beyond a certain hour for Christmas dinner.

No one ate very much breakfast Christmas morning. Every one just saved an appetite for Christmas dinner.

And the stove was as horrid as it could be. It smoked and wouldn't burn, it went out again and had to be started once more.

Then something happened. It happened, though no one knew how or why.

But the Fairy Wondrous Secrets knew for she had come to the rescue.

There had come a rush order to Fairyland.

It had been brought by the Snow Flakes as they had

whirled around outside the window and then rushed off to Fairyland.

"Fairies, fairies," the snowflakes had cried as they whirled about, "there is a kitchen stove that is behaving very badly. Can't something be done about it?"

"I'll go at once," the Fairy Wondrous Secrets said.

So off she went, carried in a beautiful snow carriage by the snowflakes.

The air got rather heavy with snow as the Fairy Wondrous Secrets was making her trip.

People said it looked dark and that the hills were going to be deep with snow and that the sky and air were full of snow and that there really would be a very heavy snowstorm.

But in reality it was the snow carriage carried by many of the snowflakes in which was the Fairy Wondrous Secrets.

After they had taken her back again it still snowed but it was much clearer and the whole air did not seem to be so filled with snow.

The Fairy Wondrous Secrets talked to the stove.

"Stove," she said, "it is Christmas Day. You mustn't be so cheerless, so stubborn, so hard-hearted.

"You must burn with warmth and glow as you help to make the turkey just as tender as it can be, and as you help to cook the vegetables and to finish the plum pudding."

"But I'm old and tired and worn out, Fairy Wondrous Secrets," said the Stove.

The Fairy Wondrous Secrets talked to the Stove.

"I don't feel cheerful. I feel old and tired, and I can't help it if I'm not very good-natured."

"Ah, but just do as I ask now," Fairy Wondrous Secrets said, "burn and glow for the Christmas dinner. Don't be a cold stove."

Now the stove thought that after all, as it was Christmas Day, it would not behave so badly even if it did feel old and tired and cross.

So it started to do its best and after all the worry and fuss and fear, the dinner did get cooked on time and was just as delicious and perfect a dinner as it could be.

And the family ate and ate and ate.

And even the old stove was thankful it had followed the wishes of Fairy Wondrous Secrets.

MERRY AND HAPPY

NOW little Mahalia had a way of her own. She used to wish people a "Merry and a Happy." Of course she meant a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but she liked to say a Merry and a Happy.

So she used to send messages to people.

"And tell all your family I wish them a Merry and a Happy, too."

It was one night after Mahalia had had a very busy day that she met Merry and Happy for the first time.

She had not known that they existed before. But she had spoken of them often enough. All day long she had been fixing the last of her presents. She had made pen wipers for many people. She had made them out of little odds and ends of cloth and in the centers she had put as pretty buttons as she could find by searching in the old button bag.

She hoped every one would know they were pen wipers. She was not sure that they would know but all she could do was to hope.

She had made candy bags, too, out of bright cheese-

cloth and had written little verses and messages on all her presents.

So she was very tired when she went to bed, but the minute that Merry and Happy appeared she knew she was not too tired to see them.

In fact it was surprising to her that she was not more surprised to see them.

Here she had never known they had existed and yet she was not so particularly amazed when two little creatures appeared before her saying:

"We are Merry and Happy."

They looked something like brownies but they really didn't look so very much like any others than themselves.

Merry was dressed in red. He had a red suit which was edged with white. On his head was a red stocking cap with a white tassel on the end.

He had bright red cheeks and very blue eyes and a red mouth and he was just a little bit round in shape.

Happy was dressed all in white. He wore a suit of soft white with dazzling silvery bells hanging from the sleeves and the wrists and the end of his white plumed hat.

There were silvery hangings along the back of Happy's coat which looked like icicles.

Merry was older looking than Happy. Happy looked so young and fresh and new, but Merry was jolly looking, too.

"You see," said Merry, "we boys are just as busy as we can be at this time of the year.

"But you have such a little way of your own of always wishing people a Merry and a Happy that we thought we would come and call on you.

"You know how it is that the words must go whenever they are summoned by people. Well, at this time of the year the words Merry and Happy are used so often

that there has to be some sort of organization so as to make sure that the supply will never run out.

"And it never will. We see to that. We are the ones in charge of those two words. I'm in charge of the Merry words."

"And I'm in charge of the Happy words," said Happy.

"Yes," continued Merry, "and we have the jolliest time for we love to be rushing about as quickly as we can. Dear me, it would be as dull for the Merry and

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